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FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

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Topsy-Turvy; Or, The Boy Explorer, and the World Turned Inside Out.

CHAPTER VI.
THE BLACK CURRENT.

THE *Admiral* crossed the Tropic of Cancer in about one hundred and forty-five west longitude, and passed near enough to the Sandwich Islands to sight the easternmost point of that group. From here the temperature of both the water and the air became materially lessened, so that it was practicable to experience some comfort both by day and night—a privilege which had not been afforded previous to this time since the voyagers first started on their involuntary expedition.

It was found also that, as the temperature lowered, the speed of the current increased, so that by this time the boat was rushing along at the rate of five hundred miles per day of twenty-four hours. At this rate Japan would soon be reached, and in that direction, consequently, tended the thoughts of all on board the *Admiral*. Days came and went, one after another, with considerable sameness; in fact, there was little to distract one's attention from the nature and peculiarities of the expedition itself. No vessels were seen, birds had deserted the heated atmosphere, and fishes avoided the boiling water.

By this time Captain Wortendyke had got out his charts, and he and the lieutenant spent a good portion of the time taking observations and marking their localities, thus establishing on paper the actual route of the *Admiral*.

Sitting thus about the table in the cabin one day, the doctor, who was reclining on the deck without, smoking, observed to the lieutenant:

"De Vergne, you boys have been figuring and computing now for about a week; you have examined all the planets, consulted all the maps, and made diagrams enough to set up a new geometry; now, I would like to have you answer me one plain question."

"Propound," said the lieutenant, laughing; "if it is within the powers of nautical astronomy, navigation or mathematics to discover an accurate reply, you shall have it freely."

"Very good," said the doctor. "What I desire to know is simply this: Supposing this current should keep on carrying us at the rate of twenty miles an hour, where are we going to fetch up?"

The lieutenant laughed loudly, but Captain Wortendyke received the question in a more serious spirit.

"To tell you the truth," said he, "that is a query which has presented itself to my mind with considerable force of late; of course we have, all of us, some vague idea of Japan as an objective point, but, after all, I see no good reason for assuming that we are not likely to be carried by that group, as we have just now been carried by the Sandwich Islands, and in that case, what, indeed, as the doctor says, is to become of us?"

Lieutenant De Vergne had returned to his charts; he studied them for a few moments, and then raising his head, remarked:

"There are two or three contingencies to be taken into consideration as to the ultimate conclusion of our voyage. This I grant you, but still we have some points in our favor. I can scarcely imagine that this current can go on much further at its present speed. It seems to me that as we proceed northward the change of temperature, which must come, and which even now is indicated, must have some important influence upon the density both of the water and the air, tending, possibly, to retard our movements. I am not sufficiently of a natural philosopher to be certain of this; but it occurs to me as one possibility. Another is, that following the direction toward which we have tended ever since we started, we are bound to bring up on the shore of one of the Japan Islands, probably that of Yeddo."

"Ah, but, my friend," observed the captain, "you have forgotten the 'Black Current.' It will never do to leave the Kuro-Siwo out of our calculations. Now, my theory is that we shall strike that current, and, uniting with it, sheer off from the coast of Japan and follow its direction to the northeast, thus changing our course entirely."

"And what then?" asked the doctor.

"Ah, there you have me. What then it is impossible to predict. The Kuro-Siwo breaks through Behring's Strait, and we shall have to take our chances of running ashore on Vancouver's Island, or somewhere in that vicinity."

"Quite a cheerful lookout," said the doctor.

There was silence for a few moments. In fact, the situation, looked at from any point of view, was sufficiently alarming. It was true the *Admiral* was provisioned for a long voyage, and thus far very slight inroads had been made on her capacity for supplying the wants of her passengers; indeed, Pierre made frequent expeditions into the cabin lockers and the hold, as a mere matter of curiosity, and always returned voluble with expressions of delight and amazement at the outfit and commissariat of this remarkable boat.

Another question which was taken into consider-

"THIS GAVE THE CAPTAIN TIME, AND A CRACK FROM HIS RIFLE SOUNDED THE DOOM OF MASTER BRUIN, WHO TUMBLED OVER ON THE ICE, AND AFTER A FEW GASPS, WAS QUITE DEAD."

ation, and which occupied the mind of Captain Wortendyke, at least, more particularly, perhaps, than any other, he being a practical navigator, was the possibility of encountering one of those terrible gales known as cyclones, which are so frequent in the China Seas, and not uncommonly extend as far north as the coast of Japan. The captain knew very well that although his boat was stanch and strong, she would have no chance of riding out anything of that character. He had indeed been greatly surprised at the continuance of such propitious weather during their passage, that is, if anything could be propitious in the case of a voyage under such peculiar circumstances.

On one occasion this question was brought up in conversation, and the lieutenant asked Captain Wortendyke, point-blank, whether he thought it was likely they would succeed in crossing the entire Pacific without being interfered with by a gale.

"I have given the matter a good deal of thought," replied the captain, "and I am inclined to think the chances are in our favor. It is not an uncommon thing, under ordinary circumstances, to cross this ocean from San Francisco to Hong Kong at this time of the year without encountering a gale, or even a storm, of any consequence; and besides, I am persuaded that the peculiar condition under which we are making this voyage—I allude more particularly now to the extraordinary temperature—would have a tendency to give encouragement to calm weather."

Here, seeing that Doctor Beaumont was about to interrupt him, he continued, rapidly:

"I know what you are going to say, doctor, and I admit that, under ordinary circumstances, the sudden rush of greatly heated atmosphere would tend to breed wind-storms; but while this might have readily occurred at the beginning, it seems that we have outlived the danger; since then the change has been gradual, and being accomplished by the action of the water, I have no fear in that direction."

It must not be supposed that all surmises or queries as to the problem of this remarkable voyage were confined to the two officers and Captain Wortendyke. Quite the contrary was the case.

Sam and Pierre Flamant were as anxious and as curious as the rest, and many were the long conversations between them on this point, as they sat in the bow of the boat, under cover of an awning which Pierre had manufactured from a bit of old sail-cloth, which he had found stowed away in one of the lockers. Here, when they were not playing dominoes, which was their customary pastime, these two compared notes as to the probable length of the voyage, and the point on the earth's surface they might expect to reach some time or other.

Pierre was very matter-of-fact in his nature, while Sam, on the contrary, was inclined to romance, and frequently took advantage of the Frenchman's practical character to disturb his customary equanimity. This was the easier to do as Sam managed to pick up considerable information of a rather fragmentary sort by overhearing the conversations of his superior officers. As he did not hesitate to build on these fragments, he roused poor Pierre to a condition of disquietude which was sufficiently amusing to his tormentor.

Sam came back from attending to some little duty about the lieutenant one afternoon, with his bag full of news, as usual, and proceeded to enlighten his companion with his fullness of geographical and nautical information.

"I tell you what it is, Pierre," he said, excitedly, as he approached the cook; "we thought we had been in 'hot water,' but that is nothing to what we are going to come to, after a little."

"What is going to happen next?" said Pierre, stolidly, as one who had made up his mind for the worst, and troubled himself very little about details.

Sam knew the Frenchman's temperament, and was not in the least deceived by his calmness of manner.

"Why, I tell you what it is, Pierre," said he, "they say that we are drifting right straight toward the maelstrom."

Here the observer might have seen a slight quivering of the eyelids of the Frenchman, but he otherwise gave no sign which could be construed into doubt of the accuracy of Sam's information, or of his geographical knowledge.

"Where is the maelstrom," he said, "and what is it?"

"The maelstrom," said Sam; "why, don't you know what it is? It is a terrible big whirlpool, about a mile wide, somewhere off how'dyeedo. It goes clean down to the middle of the earth, and lays right off the coast of Japan, straight in our course. We are bound there, sure as preaching."

Here the Frenchman threw his head back, and opening his mouth immoderately, in his peculiar chuckling fashion, which was his habit, emitting very little noise, but showing decided amusement.

Sam was bothered for once; his shot had failed to hit.

"What are you laughing at?" said he. "It is no laughing matter, I can assure you. If you don't into that maelstrom, where all this boiling water has been tumbling for the last ten days, you will think we are in the bottomless pit, and it has been fired up expressely for our convenience."

The Frenchman stopped laughing after a little, and hearing himself called by the captain, rose to his feet and started off, but before he left, Sam gave him a parting word.

"You can't fool me, boy, with your maelstrom; I have been there. We have got to skip over the whole hemisphere to reach that, and though this infernal current is fast enough and hot enough, it is not up to that trick," and he went his way, leaving Sam dumb with amazement at his companion's unexpected geographical knowledge.

On the fourteenth day of the voyage a decided change in the atmosphere was perceptible. It was noticed that it had become much cooler, and there was a movement, amounting to almost a breeze, which they had not before experienced.

All were on the alert. If the captain's calculations were accurate the *Admiral* was now within a few hours' sail of the famous Bashee Channel. The speed of the boat continued about the same, the log showing full twenty knots to the hour. The current, which had hitherto been smooth, was now ruffled and, disturbed, and the boat experienced considerable motion.

Lieutenant De Vergne was in the bow, keeping a sharp lookout, while the captain had the helm.

All were watchful.

The course of the *Admiral*, ever since the discovery of the extent of the current, had been to follow its westerly margin as close as possible to the free water.

Presently the lieutenant called out:

"Starboard your helm; you are running a little inside of the line."

"Starboard it is," shouted back the captain, and the boat answered her helm and sheered off a point to the westward.

In a few moments the lieutenant repeated his order. He was now leaning over the bow of the boat and watching the water closely. Presently he said:

"Captain, do you not notice some difference in the water?"

Captain Wortendyke looked over the side, and after a close inspection of the sea called back to the lieutenant:

"You can come aft; we have struck the 'Black Current.'"

CHAPTER VII.

WATCHING THE CABLE.

ON the southwest coast of Ireland, in 51 deg. N. lat., and 10 deg. 30 min. W. lon., is a rugged and precipitous island, so nearly a peninsula, however, that only a strait from one-third of a mile to a mile and a half wide in its widest part separates it from the main land.

This island is only five miles in length and two miles broad in its broadest part, and comprises an area of 6,371 acres. It has been noted for its curious historical connection.

Here the Spaniards settled, and occupied the island until the time of Cromwell.

The latter period in its history was marked by the erection of two forts, which still stand, and are known to-day as "Cromwell's Forts"—one of these is at the northeast, the other at the southwest extremity of the island.

Near the former of these two forts is a lighthouse. On the north and east a considerable harbor extends into the land. On the eastern side of the island, perched upon a promontory, is the residence of the "Knight of Kerry."

The island is, in fact, Valentia Island, now noted for being the terminus of the first Atlantic cable. This cable was first successfully laid in 1858, when messages were sent through it both ways, but with constantly diminishing strength, until finally they gave out altogether, and the attempt was a failure, only to be redeemed by later efforts, which eventually resulted in perfect success.

At the period of our story, however, this cable was operating regularly, and the scene to which we desire to direct the attention of our readers was none other than the operating-room at the terminus at Valentia Island.

This locality is, with one exception, the most western point of Europe, and the nearest to America.

The island is picturesque, and affords a magnificent view of the ocean, affording opportunities scarcely elsewhere possible, of considering the terrible storms which so frequently disturb the bosom of the turbulent Atlantic.

The time was ten o'clock of an August morning. The thermometer in the operating-room marked seventy-two degrees. It occurred that on this day there were eleven persons present—partly to witness the mode of recording telegraphic communication by means of the Atlantic cable, partly to obtain the first intimation of the nature of certain communications which were expected.

The operator, with his assistants, was engaged in watching the peculiar process by which cable telegrams were recorded.

In an outer room were gathered the group of visitors.

These included six persons.

A very stout gentleman sat in a chair by an open window. His complexion was sun-burned; his stoutness was positive obesity; his thin hair was gray.

This gentleman was Professor Corbeau, a well-known savant, a member of the French Institute, and chiefly regarded for his acquaintance with physical geography and geology, in which sciences he was an acknowledged authority.

Near to him, leaning against the window-sill, was a tall, lean young man, dressed in a suit of blue flannel, and wearing a Panama hat. This gentleman was Mr. Theodore Wilcox, a correspondent of the *New York Herald*.

A table stood in the centre of the room, on which was a large atlas and several loose maps and charts.

A brisk, active-appearing gentleman about forty-five years of age, or thereabouts, was engaged in explaining certain localities laid down upon these to two ladies, who leaned over the table, respectively, on his right and left sides. The gentleman in question was Captain the Right Honorable Henry St. Clair, commander of H. M. steam frigate, the *Scorcher*. The ladies deserve, and shall have, a paragraph to themselves.

They were mother and daughter, though one might readily have mistaken them for sisters. The mother was blonde both hair and complexion, scarcely be said to have the advantage of the other in beauty, and scarcely in years.

These ladies were Americans, from New York.

Mrs. Campbell Houghton was a widow, rich, cultivated, a traveler. She looked twenty-five, and was really ten years older.

Her daughter, Emmeline, had been educated in Leipsic, finished in Paris, had visited every principal city in Europe, and was now passing before returning to America with her mother. She looked twenty-five, and was probably seven years younger. Mrs. Campbell Houghton had made a runaway match when she had just neatly turned fifteen. As her husband, who idolized her, was a rich young broker in Wall Street, and as he settled one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on her the day they were married, her parents—a respectable and well-to-do brewer and his wife—forgave the pair. Mr. Houghton died five years after the marriage, leaving his widow a very wealthy woman.

Mrs. Campbell Houghton was connected by her marriage with the family of Captain the Right Honorable Henry St. Clair, and it was at his invitation that she was present with her daughter on this occasion.

The sixth of the group of visitors was the first lieutenant of the *Scorcher*, Andrew Jasper by name, a stout, well-built, sailor-looking figure, browned as to complexion by long voyages in tropics.

Captain St. Clair and Lieutenant Jasper had sailed together for at least a dozen years, and had once passed three years in the Arctic regions on one of the expeditions which had gone in search of the ill-fated Sir John Franklin and the officers and crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

This little party had gathered quite accidentally, expecting, each one, to presently separate, and doubtless see one another no more. Thus far, although introductions had made them acquainted, but few words had passed between them. The professor was not very much of a talking man; Mr. Wilcox, as is so customary with newspaper correspondents, was diffident, and said but little, being, besides, greatly perplexed in his mind to decide satisfactorily as to the relative beauty of his two country women, whom he now saw for the first time.

Captain St. Clair was sufficiently loquacious, but confined his attentions to his two fair guests, and Lieutenant Jasper was not one to converse much in the presence of his superior officer. Two other persons present should be noted.

One of these was a servant man employed about the establishment—a short, thick-set fellow with a bullet-head and crisp, curly hair. He was manifestly a native, and answered to the name of Terence Queeny. At present he was busily engaged in cleaning brass and other metal visible about the instruments used in the office.

A muttered expletive from the aforesaid Terence drew the attention of those in the room, when the operator called from his place within:

"What's the matter, Teddy? Got caught again?"

The Irishman again muttered something under his breath.

"Will you never learn to keep your fingers out of the battery?"

And the young man rose and came out, laughing.

Ralph Greenough, though only about twenty-two years of age, was one of the best and most trusted operator's in the company's employ. His ability to take messages was quite remarkable, since the capacity in this direction, as regarded cable telegraphy, required something very much beyond the ordinary telegraphic skill and experience.

Greenough was an American, had learned telegraphy in the Cooper Institute of New York, founded by one of the original promoters of the cable enterprise, and had displayed such unusual talent and sensitiveness in his work that he had been rapidly promoted, and finally transferred to the cable service.

He was a handsome, dark-eyed, brown-haired, young fellow, and as he bowed civilly to those present, Emmeline Houghton looked at him with evident interest in his appearance.

"I can never teach Queeny to let the battery alone," he said, pleasantly, addressing the company in general.

Mrs. Houghton remarked that she hoped the man had not hurt himself.

"Oh, no," responded Greenough; "the current is not powerful enough to damage him much."

"Bedad, it's powerful enough to be molty uncomfortable, d'ye mind?"

At this explanatory outburst of Mr. Queeny, everybody laughed, as it was very evident it came straight from the heart.

"No word yet?" asked Captain St. Clair.

"No, sir; there is nothing definite. A little full, just now, too, and we don't have many of them," and he settled sensibly at the ladies.

Here the correspondent thought it was time he should show an interest in affairs, as being the only press representative present.

"Do you not expect any newspaper-men here today?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Greenough; "but they are not in such a hurry as they are with us in America, and may not be here for some hours yet."

"And are you an American?" inquired Captain St. Clair.

"Yes, sir," modestly answered the young man. "I have that honor."

"And it is an honor," observed the captain, rather energetically, mindful, no doubt, of his late charges. "Certainly, if an American might appropriately be anywhere it would be just here, conveying to the Old World, by means of the Atlantic Cable, the intelligence of the union of the two great oceans that wash the shores of the American Continent."

The young operator blushed red enough at this compliment to his country. The *Herald* correspondent clapped his hands and cried out "Bravo!" and the ladies even waved their handkerchiefs, while Miss Houghton murmured "Vive l'Amerique" in a very musical *sotto-voce*.

This brought Professor Corbeau to his feet.

"My dear sare," he said to the captain, at the same time offering his hand to that rather confused officer, "I agree wid you, pairticly, and also and has been so late of La France to affect sis grand affair of se canal a-crossing se isthmus of Darien, yet I feel—all my countrymen feel—sat if it had not been for America sare would not have been any Isthmus nor any canal."

As the professor wiped his face with a large, red silk pocket-handkerchief after this sally, and returned to his seat by the window, all present were convulsed with laughter at the jest.

Ralph Greenough laughed with the rest, though he could not help feeling that the fat professor had rather "taken the wind out of his sails," to use a slang Americanism, and had been slightly satirical, perhaps, in his hidden allusion to the little part taken by Americans in the Isthmus canal.

He returned to his post, and a few moments later dispatched his two assistants on some errand.

Meanwhile, Wilcox, having discovered a fellow-countryman in the telegraph operator, betbought himself to fraternize with that gentleman, probably with a view to keeping the first position in his regard and favor, when presently the correspondents of the *Times*, the *Illustrated London News*, the Manchester *Examiner*, the Liverpool *Post*, and all the other metropolitan and provincial English papers—not to mention the Dublin *Nation*, the Belfast *Press*, and the Kerry *Evening Post*—should put in an appearance.

Greenough was good-natured, and had no objections in permitting the *Herald* man such liberty as the rules of the company allowed. So he very kindly explained to the latter the curiously interesting method by which cable messages were received and transmitted.

Everybody is familiar with the ordinary mode of transmitting and receiving telegraphic messages.

The click of the "armature," the movement of the "key," the slow, automatic unrolling of the endless strip of paper, with the impression of "dots" and "dashes," or by the simpler record employing the customary alphabet of the period. In cable telegraphy, however, there is neither armature, click, nor inscribed paper.

A small brass cylinder, two or three inches in diameter, shaped like a spool and wound thickly with fine wire, covered with silk-thread, sustains, suspended within it a very thin, delicate mirror, not larger than a kernel of corn, to the back of which is attached firmly a minute magnet. The whole affair weighs but little more than a grain, and is suspended by a single fibre of silk, smaller than a human hair.

A narrow, horizontal scale is placed within a darkened box at a distance of two or three feet from the front of the mirror, there being in the centre of the scale a narrow slit, through which passes a ray of light from a lamp placed behind the scale, this light falling upon the mirror and being reflected back upon the scale. The movements of this reflected light upon the scale inform the operator, or reader, of the nature of the message, and an perfect knowledge is necessary in the art of reading the rapid flashes of this ray of light that he could translate a cable message delivered in this way with as much speed and precision as though he were reading a newspaper.

The explanation made to Wilcox occupied but a few minutes, and while giving it Greenough kept his eyes fixed upon the scale.

The cable had been reserved from all ordinary business for this important occasion, and all messages then for reserved on this eventful morning had been in relation to the progress of affairs at Navy Bay, the Atlantic terminus of the interoceanic canal.

These messages had conveyed no information as yet with regard to the momentous incident of the final act of the opening of the flood-gates and letting in the waters of the Atlantic.

Indeed, the operator at the cable terminus at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, had informed Greenough, confidentially, that there was some hitch in the proceedings, as despite the fact that a perfect telegraphic connection now existed between his post and Aspinwall—freed from all of the customary traffic—no news had as yet come over the wires as to the interesting fact for whose promulgation two continents were impatiently waiting.

"Fifteen minutes for refreshments," said Greenough, presently, and he rose from his seat and stretched himself.

At this moment the two young men were startled by an ejaculation made by Lieutenant Jasper, and both stepped into the next room to learn what was the occasion of it.

The inner room, in which were the instruments, was very carefully constructed to avoid the possibility of changes of temperature and movement of the air.

As the two young men opened the door into the adjoining room both shuddered.

Certainly there was a perceptible change in the temperature since they were last there; and, as though to corroborate their sense of this difference, they found the entire group in the large room gathered close to the wall, where Lieutenant Jasper was closely inspecting something.

"What on earth is the matter with the thermometer?" they heard him say, as they entered.

At once Greenough stepped quickly to where the instrument hung, and examined it closely.

The thermometer stood fifty-six.

Greenough was thunderstruck. So, apparently, were the others. Turning to inquire the probable cause of the accident which he supposed had befallen the instrument, he was struck with the pallor of the two ladies, and the uneasiness was manifested in the faces of the gentlemen.

"This is very remarkable," he said, at length.

"Terence, have you been doing anything to the thermometer," and Greenough looked sternly at the Irishman, who stood gaping by.

"Divil a hand have I laid to it—savin' yer presence," and he pulled a lock of his shock of hair; "an' sture it wouldn't be the tharmometer that would make it so cowld all of a suddint."

"He's right there," said Wilcox; "it feels positively cold."

Here Lieutenant Jasper pointed at the instrument with his long, bony finger.

Greenough looked.

It marked *forty-nine*.

"But, good Heavens, gentlemen! what can this mean?" cried Mrs. Houghton, while Emmeline clasped her hands together and looked in affright from one to another.

Shut the door and the windows, Terence!" said Greenough, shivering, and then he hurried back to the cable-room.

The fifteen minutes "for refreshments," as the Heart's Content operator had termed them, had by this time elapsed, and Greenough seated himself and sounded a call.

At first there was no response.

Then there came a response, but seemingly with difficulty.

"Is there anything wrong at your end?" asked Greenough.

Then came slowly, and with many hitches—"Canal—Volcano — Explosion — Gulf Stream—cold—e-n-d—cod—by——"

A shriek from the other room caused Greenough to spring from his seat, open the door, and dash hastily through it.

The scene was sufficiently extraordinary.

Professor Corbeau stood by the window with his hands lifted in the air, and he usually ruddy face now ashy pale. The correspondent had flung himself into a chair, and sat curled in a heap, with his hands plunged deep in his pockets, and his coat buttoned tight to his chin. Captain St. Clair and his subordinate were supporting the two ladies, the younger of whom had fainted, while the other was shrieking with hysteria.

Greenough cast his eyes in the direction of one of the windows, and rubbed them in amazement, doubting what he saw. Without, it was snowing furiously.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW ICE PERIOD.

MANY days had passed, and Valentia Island was no longer to be recognized.

The very sea itself had undergone a mysterious and terrible transformation.

Where had been only this brief period before grassy meadows, trees luxuriant in foliage and ripe fruit, and sheep browsing on the hillsides, was now to be seen only a heavy covering of snow and ice, the trees stripped of every green and living appearance, and carcasses of dead animals imbedded in the drifts.

The cable station was snowed in, though at points along the road which led up to it could be seen evidences of an effort having been made to release those who had been so suddenly imprisoned within it. But such efforts had been fruitless, and no living creature of those who had made them could now be seen anywhere.

In fact, but one sign of life was visible in any direction.

A tiny cloud of smoke was rising from one of the chimneys of the building wherein we left Greenough and his companions—this was all.

If there had been one present to traverse the little island in search of some living being or sign of animation, his search would have been fruitless. The fine dwelling of the Knight of Kerry was tenantless; the open doors and windows, and the signs of haste everywhere displayed in scattered articles of clothing, and furniture tossed here and there carelessly, showing plainly the trepidation and sudden fear which must have come upon its late occupants.

The village, and the dwellings of fish farmers and

fishermen, which were scattered about, dotting the hillsides, were likewise deserted.

Sadder evidences of some terrible catastrophe there were in articles tossed about and dropped along the wayside, lying half-buried in the snow.

Signs more terrible than these were not wanting, for along the road that led to the little strait dividing the island from the mainland were corpses—likewise half-buried—with here and there a hand or foot pitifully enough protruding, and here and there, nearer the island's shore, entire bodies lying stark and frozen in the icy crust.

But if all this was frightful to witness, the scene displayed by the ocean was truly appalling.

Instead of the long reach of blue water extending beyond the limit of human sight, and the huge waves dashing with sullen roar against the precipitious rocks—was now a stillness that was intense, and a horrible expanse of ice, broken by huge ice-boulders that rose to great heights, and displayed hideous and uncanny shapes and combinations.

In all directions there could be seen nothing but ice and snow, of all that charming landscape and water view which but so little time ago entranced the vision.

But, after all, there was no one to view this scene or note the awful change.

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Within the cable-station, however, all was different.

Here, fortunately enough, despite the icy clutch that had at one fell stroke grasped and flung to death and fight a whole population—here there was still life and hope.

Those whom we left wondering at that which had happened, and perplexed as to what might still be in store for them, were yet alive and yet hopeful.

So strong is the indomitable spirit implanted in the human breast, and so powerful the desire to live.

On a morning after the day when some tremendous disaster had turned that into mourning and alarm which had also been a season of delight and rejoicing, the party in the the cable-house were gathered together in the room in which we left them.

But now the scene was widely different.

A huge stove, set up in the middle of the apartment, was red with the fire within, which went roaring up the pipe and into the great chimney at one side.

At the base of this chimney was a fireplace, and here a monstrous wood-fire burned brightly.

And yet the room was by no means overheated.

Sitting about, or engaged in various necessary duties, were all the members of the party we have described.

Their appearance, however, was so changed that it would have been difficult for one to recognize them who had seen them in their previous guise.

At first the question would have been naturally asked, "Where are Mrs. Houghton and her daughter?" Yet they were there.

But so curiously disguised that not one of their New York friends could have possibly recognized them in their novel costume.

Mrs. Houghton was busily engaged in laying the table for breakfast.

She had discarded her woman's apparel, and now appeared in heavy woolen garments, and these of masculine cut.

A pair of sailor's trousers and a pea-jacket sufficiently protected her from the cold that still made its presence felt despite the great fires. Over the collar of her jacket her beautiful, long, golden locks flattered at will. A red sash, tied coquettishly about her waist, gave a sufficiently picturesque finish to the entire costume.

Captain St. Clair was very busily employed in assisting the fair widow, while the beautiful Emmeline—as though to reverse this arrangement—was standing in front of the fireplace, assisting Lieutenant Jasper, who had developed into cook of the party.

The professor was affording his share of employment by endeavoring, with considerable difficulty, to cut a ham on a side-table. The *Herald* correspondent was seated in a chair with a wooden tray in his lap, slicing potatoes; Terence Queeny, down on his knees on the hearth with a pair of bellows, was sedulously blowing the fire; and now an inner door opened, and our friend Greenough entered from some distant room, having a great load of wood, which he deposited suddenly upon the hearth, to the imminent danger of Mr. Queeny's limbs.

And so our party were all alive, and apparently making the best of the situation.

The thermometer (which, by-the-way, plays a rather frequent and important part in this history) had been hung on the outside of the house until it marked sixty-five degrees below zero, when it had been taken in, and now hung in its accustomed place on the wall, and showed a temperature of sixty above, which was as high as they could get it.

But how did it happen that when no tree, or blade of grass, or animal, had continued to exist after the marvelous catastrophe which had occurred—how did it happen that these our friends had not also succumbed?

This condition of things had resulted from a series of fortunate incidents.

To begin with, the house had been blockaded with snow in such a fashion as to be preserved from the intense action of the cold which followed the snow-storm, and which had continued until the present period, with no prospect of improvement.

Though a house itself was both practical and reasonably built—that is, to keep out the heat of Summer and the cold of Winter. Fortunately, the great stove was still on the premises; coal for use in it had been laid in in large quantity, and huge piles of cord-wood filled one half of the cellar, destined for the great fire-place.

As to provisions for a siege, our party were equally well provided. Besides Greenough and Terence Queeny, the two assistant operators who have been mentioned were deeply residents, and had to be provided for. They had been sent by Greenough to the village, as has already been narrated, and the storm coming on, they had not been able to return. A considerable stock of staple articles of food were constantly kept on hand, and had been recently replenished, and there was, accordingly, a complete stock, so far as corned and salted provisions and canned articles were concerned. There was even a considerable fresh meat, which had been stowed in the ice closet, and could now be preserved without difficulty.

As to the matter of clothing, there had, of course, been much haste and no little difficulty at the beginning, and we have seen that the two ladies had been forced to put up with the best they could get together until time and good fortune should enable them to effect more satisfactory arrangements in this direction.

There had been found trunks full of Winter clothing stowed away in the bedrooms and garrets—articles belonging to different persons employed by the company—and these had been summarily appropriated.

In the meantime there had also been discovered some pieces or rolls of heavy blue navy-cloth, and others of thick flannel, and these goods were now being manipulated by Mrs. Houghton and her daughter, with a view to making as much of a showing as possible in the appearance which they presented, while adapting these to the changed condition of the climate and the possible exigencies of the situation.

After the first horrible despair that had come over all of the party on discovering that they were apparently, by some grave convulsion of nature, about to enter upon one of those physical conditions known as an ice period, our friends began to regain their buoyancy on discovering that they could at least look forward to live for a while yet, and even fortify themselves against their inclement and adverse situation.

The discovery of so many comforts and conveniences had renewed their spirits, and they had all devoted themselves cheerfully to the duty of providing for the present, at least, with the hope that the future might not be so entirely unpromising as it looked at first.

As yet no definite plans had been formed with regard to that future, though there had already been many conversations and arguments among them with regard to it.

As to the cause of the tremendous change of climate which had come so suddenly and with such upon them, they only concluded that it was useless to attempt to define that. Professor Corbeau had advanced the proposition that it had occurred by a change of position of the poles, which he learnedly asserted, when the earth's axis veered, as it were, and the position of the poles, if not reversed, is at least materially altered. Thus we find tropical animals, or their bones, now in Northern Siberia, again in some of your middle States of America. For *contra*, there exist positive evidences in Nicaragua, and along the Isthmus of Panama, of there having been at some period undoubted glacial action. Sometimes, of course, the change of pole would be radical, when what had been the poles would be entirely upon the new equator. At other times this alteration would be less absolute, and it has been determined that the North Pole was at one period located in or about the basin which is now the Great Salt Lake. It is believed by many," he asserted, "that at one time there was land connection in the Atlantic Ocean between the eastern and western continents; and on this belief has been founded the theory of the continent known as Atlantis, which is supposed to have extended between Europe and North America.

"Here, it is believed, existed a mighty people, The ancients allude to such a population; and Plato, in particular, has referred to this nation—something in relation to its character having reached to him by way of Athens, from a period long anterior to the period in which he lived.

"On this vast continent of Atlantis were magnificent cities, ornamented with stupendous structures, and peopled by millions of intelligent and cultured human beings.

"They tilled the earth with skill, their granaries were filled with grain, they pastured vast herds of cattle, they had a government, and possessed an advanced civilization.

"Doubtless they performed their vocations very much as is the custom nowadays. Lord Bacon, the great English philosopher, constructed on the theory of the existence of such a race his now almost-forgotten romance of the 'New Atlantis,' which, however, was turned into a satire on the existing social system and code of laws of England and the Continent of Europe.

"Traces exist in Central America and Mexico of a people who displayed characteristics belonging to the Asiatic, or perhaps to Northern Africa, or to the palmy days of Carthage. It has been imagined that Asiatics and civilized Africans actually crossed over the intervening continent and settled in the central portion of what is now the Western Continent."

In these conversations, or rather lectures, Captain St. Clair and Lieutenant Jasper had taken little part. The former was somewhat dazed by the occurrences which had befallen him, while his superiority in knowledge enabled him to explain, and Jasper did not venture in the explanation of an opinion when his superior officer kept silence.

Wilcox had recovered from the first alarm and despair which had overcome others; his past experience and his naturally elasticity, not to mention the nature of his profession, inclining him to look upon the affair as a tremendous sensation, an account of which he only regretted being unable to transmit to the world for the advance of all arts. He, however, kept a copious diary, registered the thermometrical changes at stated periods, and otherwise prepared himself for the book which he fully intended to publish as soon as he should return to New York.

Wilcox was something of an artist, and amused himself by sketching from the windows the changed aspect of the land and the sea. He thought his sketches might some day become available in the illustration of his book.

Although greatly disturbed by the terrible cold, the different members of the party did not fail to seek to inure themselves to its rigor by experiment excursions into the open air.

The lower part of the house was banked up with snow quite near the upper portion of the windows, leaving space only for a little daylight to enter the building by these means.

And this very daylight was a source of no little disturbance to the mind of the professor, since it interfered materially with his theory of a change of poles.

"For," he argued, in one of his presentations of the subject, "if there has been an overturning of the planet, and the poles have changed their location, there ought to be a marked difference in the length of the daylight hours. Being in an Arctic situation, we ought to have the Arctic sun—low down in the heavens, skirting the horizon, or else entirely invisible. Instead of this we have the ordinary sunlight of the temperate zone, in its—so to speak—normal condition. I can't at all understand it."

But Wilcox troubled himself very little about the daylight being abnormal, so that it afforded him opportunity for his sketching.

One day he was sitting at an upper window, busily employed in making a drawing of certain ice-heaps a short distance from the shore of the island, when he noted some object moving near the shore.

At first he imagined this to be an optical illusion, but on calling Greenough to assist in investigating the matter, the two speedily came to the conclusion that the object was some large living animal. A spyglass was brought, and the single glance which Wilcox gave through the instrument caused him to exclaim, loudly:

"Hurrah! a polar bear! a polar bear!"

On hearing his shout the other hurried to the window, from which could now be made out, even with the naked eye, an enormous white bear, moving rapidly toward the island.

"Hurrah, indeed!" cried Lieutenant Jasper, on seeing the stranger. "Here is a splendid opportunity."

"Opportunity for what?" inquired Wilcox.

"Why, to get some fresh meat—and better than that, to get the material for a fur garment for madam and her daughter."

"Brave!" cried Captain St. Clair, who had just entered. "We will have him, Andrew, if we have not forgotten how."

And at once these two hurried away for rifles and ammunition, and to prepare themselves by donning extra clothing for their adventurous and even perilous excursion.

Now the practice which had been a part of their daily routine, to accustom themselves to the severity of the weather was to be fairly tested.

All gathered about the window in the upper room, being called thither by Terence Queeny, who was quite exhilarated at the prospect of a fight to break the monotony of their existence.

It took very little time for the captain and lieutenant to prepare themselves, and they presently appeared, arranged in trebie thicknesses of woolen garments, with their faces protected carefully, allowing only opportunity to see what was going on about them, and armed with powerful repeating rifles, heavily and carefully loaded for the occasion.

Greenough and Wilcox wished very much to accompany them, but were dissuaded by the others from doing so. It now came out that this was by no means the first polar bear hunt these two had undertaken. In their expeditions to the Arctic regions they had enjoyed considerable experience of this sort, and being, besides, accustomed to the rest of climate, could undertake the task with comparative safety.

It was, however, with considerable trepidation that the others watched the two hunters after they had left the house, and saw them wending slowly and carefully down the precipitous decline that led in the direction of the spot where the huge, unwieldy brute could be still seen picking his steps along the frozen sea.

It was but a short distance, and in a few minutes the two officers appeared at a point about one hundred yards to windward of the bear, keeping as much as possible out of the line of scent, and dodging frequently behind huge masses of ice that came in their way.

A few steps nearer, and the captain was seen to step from behind one of these ice-heaps, and into the open, and raise his rifle to his shoulder.

At this moment the bear appeared uneasy, and seemed to suspect danger. He stopped, threw his nose in the air and tossed his head from side to side; then a sharp crack was heard, and with a loud roar, that was distinctly heard by those in the house, he turned sharp round and rushed upon his assailant.

The captain was cool, however, and waited for him until barely thirty yards separated them, then he fired again.

But just as he fired, Jasper, who was a little way behind him, stepped upon a slippery spot and fell, his rifle-shot, as it did so. This disturbed the captain's aim, and the shot failed of its purpose.

Brain was less hurt by the first fire than surprised, and he now dashed straight for the fallen lieutenant, the blood dropping from his wound and tinging the ice at every step.

Jasper was clumsily arrayed. He tried to catch his rifle, which had slid away to some distance, and, altogether, it happened that in a moment the bear was upon him, and had tumbled him flat upon his back, just as he was rising.

Fortunately, the impetus gained by the brute carried him beyond his point of attack, and he glided over the ice a few rods without the power to restrain himself.

This gave the captain time, and a crack from his rifle sounded the doom of Master Brain, who tumbled over on the ice, and after a few gasps, was quite dead.

Jasper picked himself up rather ruefully, whereupon the captain proceeded to administer rather a sarcastic admonition to his junior, on the folly and frivolity of attempting to fight a white bear single-handed, and without arms.

Jasper took the sarcasm in good part, and after they had poked the huge animal about with the toes of their great boots a little—to satisfy themselves that he was clearly dead—they plodded up the hill again to secure means for his transportation to the house.

As the whole affair had been plainly witnessed from the house, it may be imagined that the hunters were warmly welcomed on their return. It was quite noticeable that Mrs. Houghton made rather a favorite of Lieutenant Jasper; as she congratulated him very warmly on his lucky escape.

The fair widow complimented Captain St. Clair on his skill and prowess, but there was not the same warmth and heartiness in her manner toward him as could be observed in her return to Lieutenant Jasper, and a looker-on might might well have thought that the captain observed the difference, and felt it.

For Captain St. Clair was himself a widower, and had been decidedly smitten by the charms of his fair connection, and he certainly considered that he deserved whatever consideration there was to be dispensed by her in the matter of the bear-fight.

Getting the great carcass of the bear to the cable-house was soon decided to be a task of no slight magnitude and difficulty. For some time, though various suggestions were made, it seemed impracticable. It was Terence Queeny who at length solved the problem.

"Yer honor," said he to the captain, at the same time scratching his head, with the peculiar motion so common among the Irish lower class, "there's an old sledge out beyant there in the barn, an' I think yer might get him up on that, if we all helped."

"Just the thing, Terence; produce your sledge! How came it there, by-the-way?"

"Oh, we used it last Winter to haul up goods from the store," said Greenough; "I had quite forgotten its existence."

The officers accordingly hastened to the barn, a good-sized building standing a little back from the main house.

After considerable difficulty they succeeded in getting in through a window in the loft, the main doors being quite obstructed by the snow. Fortunately, the loft proved to be precisely the place which had been selected in the spring for the storage of the sledge in question, which was found in one corner, in very good condition.

With considerable labor the two gentlemen succeeded in getting it to the loft-door, and out on the snow beneath.

They next hunted about for rope, and finding some, proceeded to harness themselves to the sledge. But here they were interrupted by the arrival of reinforcements. Wilcox, Greenough, and Terence had hastily added every thick article they could find to their clothing, and now came forth, duly protected, to assist in drawing the sledge.

All declared that the captain must occupy the position of driver, and accordingly the others took their stations, and the novel team started briskly across the crusted snow in the direction of the descent, with Captain St. Clair snapping a heavy whip behind them; the latter emblem of office being discovered among other various implements in the barn.

Of course, the progress of the sledge-party was observed from the window by the ladies with great interest and amusement—Professor Corbeau regretting, with earnestness and sincerity, that his clumsy build prevented him from joining the others.

The way down the hill, being in a slanting direction, was not difficult, and the sledge was speedily at the side of the dead bear.

As the animal weighed at least eighteen hundred pounds, it was no slight task to place his body upon the sledge.

This was accomplished, however, after half an hour's pretty hard work, and the return journey was about to be commenced.

At the moment when the four men had taken their places, and were about to start, Terence, who chanced to be looking seaward, cried out:

"An', bedad, ye'd best hurry; there's more of 'em comin'."

All gazed in the direction of the Irishman's outstretched hand, and there, sure enough, perhaps half a mile away, could be seen a group of moving things, which were seen, however, to be too dark in color to be white bears.

All looked long and anxiously. No one had thought to bring a rifle, and the party were entirely unarmed.

At the window of the house where Professor Corbeau and the ladies were standing, they could see that the spy-glass was raised, and pointed in the direction of the moving creatures—whatever they might be—and the professor was evidently gesticulating for some reason, the meaning of which they might in vain try to discover at that distance.

The party consulted together as to what was best to be done, wondering, moreover, as to the true nature of the new-comers.

But Lieutenant Jasper, who had kept silence, though watching as closely as the rest, now solved the problem.

"I know what they are," he said.

"What?" cried all, at once, anxiously.

But his reply, since it proved to be correct, must be kept for another chapter.

[To be continued.]

"Topsy-Turvy" was commenced in No. 695.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A TIGER AND A BULL BISON.

WHILST hunting in the jungle between the Sone and Nerbudda Rivers and the Governor Pass, at the foot of the Neilgherrah Hills, my friend Burton and I witnessed a most gallantly contested fight between a bull bison and a tiger, which is worth recording.

Night had scarcely set in when a loud bellowing noise was heard, followed by an unmistakable roar which caused no little commotion amongst the horse and bullocks that were picketed round our tents, and from the ominous sounds that followed, we knew that a mortal combat was raging at no great distance from our bivouac.

Having arranged for the safety of our camp, Burton and I, armed with rifles and pistols, followed closely by our attendants, Chinesh and Googoolog, each carrying a couple of spears, sallied forth, and, keeping along the bank of the river for some short distance by a narrow deer-run, entered a dense cover, from which the sounds of the contest seemed to issue. Here we could get along only very slowly, having to cut the tangled brushwood with one hand and hold the rifle cocked and ready with the other.

Having proceeded in this manner for some distance, guided by the noise of the contest which sounded nearer, we came to an opening in the woods, where we saw a huge bull bison, evidently much excited, for his eyes flashed fire, his tail straight on end, and he was tearing up the ground with his fore-feet, all the time grunting furiously.

As we were luckily well to the leeward, the latter in the air was not likely to be winded, so I made signs to Chinesh and Googoolog to lay down their guns and climb into an adjacent tree, whilst Burton and I, with a rifle in each hand, by dint of creeping on hands and knees, gained a small clump of bush on a raised bank, not more than thirty yards distant, from whence we could see all that was going on.

When we first arrived the tiger was nowhere to be seen, but from the bison's cautious movements I knew he could not be far off. The moon was high in the heavens, making the night clear as day; so not a movement could escape us, although we were well concealed from view.

Several rounds had already been fought, for the game had been going on a good twenty minutes before we came up, and the bison, besides being covered with white lather about the flanks, bore several marks of the tiger's claws on the face and shoulders.

Whilst we were encouraging ourselves comfortably behind the cover, with our rifles in readiness for self-defence only—for we had no intention of interfering in the fair stand-up fight which had evidently been taking place—a low, savage growl, about fifteen paces to our right, attracted our attention, and, crouched behind a tuft of fern, we discerned an immense tiger watching the movements of the bison, who, with his head kept constantly turned toward the danger, was alternately cropping the grass and giving vent to his excited feelings every now and then, by a deep, tremulous roaring, which seemed to awaken all the echoes of the surrounding woods.

The tiger, whose glaring eyes were fixed upon his antagonist, now and again shifted his quarters a

few paces either to the right or the left, once coming so near our ambuscade that I could almost have touched him with the muzzle of my rifle, but the wary old bull never lost sight of him for a second, but ever followed his movements, with his head lowered to receive his attack.

At last the tiger, which all along had been whining and growling most impatiently, stole gently forward, his belly crouching along the ground, every hair standing on end, his flanks heaving, his back arched and his tail whisking about and lashing his sides; but before he could gather himself together for a spring, which might have proved fatal, the bison, with a shriek of desperation, charged at full speed, with his head lowered and the horns pointed upward, but overshot the mark, as his antagonist adroitly shifted his ground just in time to avoid a vicious stroke from his massive horns, and, making a half-circle, sprang a second time, with the intention of alighting on his broad neck and shoulders. This the bull evaded by a dexterous twist, and before his adversary could recover himself, he again rushed at him, caught him behind the shoulder with his horns, and flung him some distance, following up to repeat the game, but the tiger slunk away to gather breath.

Round after round of the same description followed, allowing breathing time between each, the tiger generally getting the worst of it, for the bull sometimes received the rush on his massive forehead and horns, and flung the tiger a considerable distance, bruised and breathless, although the skin seemed too tough for the points to penetrate.

Once, however, I thought the bison's chance was all over, for the tiger, by a lucky spring, managed to fasten on his brawny shoulder, and I could hear the crunching sound as his teeth met again and again in the flesh, whilst his claws tore the flank like an iron rake.

With a maddening scream of mingled rage and pain, the bull flung himself heavily on the ground, nearly crushing his more nimble adversary to death with his ponderous weight; and the tiger, breathless and reeling with exhaustion, endeavored to slink away with his tail between his legs; but no respite was given, his relentless foe pursued with roars of vengeance, and again rolled him over before he could regain his legs to make another spring.

The tiger, now fairly conquered, endeavored to beat a retreat, but this the bison would not allow. He rushed at him furiously over and over again, and, at last, goaded him against the bank of earth, pounded him with his forehead and horns, until he lay motionless, when he sprang with his whole weight upon him, striking him with his fore-feet, and displaying an agility I thought incompatible with his unwieldy appearance. I have attempted to depict "the last round" in my sketch.

The game, which had lasted over a couple of hours, was now over, for the tiger, which we thought perhaps might be only stunned, gave unmistakable signs of approaching dissolution. He lay gasping, his mouth half-open, exposing his rough tongue and massive yellow teeth; his green eyes were fixed, convulsive struggles drew up his limbs, a quiver passed over his body, and all was still.

His conqueror was standing over him with heaving flanks, and crimsoned foam flying from his widely-distended nostrils; but his rolling eye was becoming dim, for the life-blood was fast ebbing from a ghastly wound in his neck, and he reeled about like a drunken man, still, however, fronting his dead antagonist, and keeping his horns lowered as if to charge.

From time to time he bellowed with rage, but his voice became fainter, and at last subsided into a deep, hollow moan; then his mighty strength began to fail him, and he could not keep his legs, which seemed to bend slowly, causing him to plunge forward. Again he made a desperate effort to recover himself, staggered a few paces, and, with a surly growl of defiance, fell, never to rise again, for, after a few convulsive heavings, his body became motionless, and we knew that all was over.

On examination, we found the throat of the bison was so lacerated that the windpipe was exposed and several arteries cut, an ear bitten off, and the flesh on the shoulder actually torn away in strips.

The tiger, on the other hand, had one eye gouged out, several ribs broken, and the lower part of the belly ripped open, from which wound the intestines were protruding. I ordered Chinean and Gongoolee to collect some dry wood, and light a large fire to keep the jackals and hyenas away,

A FIGHT BETWEEN A TIGER AND A BULL BISON IN INDIA.—SEE PAGE 403.

which being done, we returned to our camp, and were soon in the arms of Morpheus.

Refreshed and invigorated by sound repose, the next morning at daylight we revisited the battle-ground, where we found a gang already busily engaged in despoiling the combatants. The tiger had been so mauled and mangled by his furious adversary that the skin, although beautifully marked, was scarcely worth taking, great patches of hair having been rubbed off on all parts.

He was a splendid fellow, and had he been able to have got a fair blow with his immensely muscular fore-paw on the bison's neck in the first instance, it would have told with fatal effect. The ground, besides bearing numerous traces of the recent combat, was so torn up that it appeared to have been plowed in patches.

GOING INTO THE FLOUR TRADE.

GOING INTO THE FLOUR TRADE.

RECENTLY, says an Auburn, Me., paper, the R. neighbors of a very worthy lady were startled by loud cries for help. Proceeding quickly to her premises they found the lady, who is somewhat fleshy, standing bolt upright in a flour barrel, and unable to extricate herself. She had stood upon the only head the barrel had, to hang out clothes, when the top suddenly fell in and down she went. After consultation, she was extricated by cutting off the hoops.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS IN THE WORLD.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Erie* (Penn.) *Observer* sends to that journal the following anecdote:

Mrs. J. has for some time past been the owner of a fine Esquimaux dog. A few months ago Mrs. J. became the mother of a beautiful little girl, of whom the dog at first was very jealous. His better nature, however, soon asserted itself, and he became very fond of the child. A few weeks ago baby was crying loud and long. Doggie came upstairs in evident distress of spirit, whining in answer to the child's cry; but, finally, as if a sudden thought had startled him, trotted quickly downstairs. He presently returned with a bone—well picked, of course—in his mouth, which, standing on his hind legs, he gravely presented to the baby.

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.

IN the cool, gray twilight that just precedes the dawn, the other morning, John McMahon, proprietor of a hotel at Sheepshead Bay, Captain William Van Nostrand, one of the best known fishermen on Long Island, and Mr. Michael Ryan, of this city, sailed from Sheepshead Bay on a bluefishing excursion to the waters off Rockaway. On arriving at the fishing-grounds the party began to troll for bluefish. At about 5:45 o'clock, Mr. Ryan, who was sitting in the stern of the boat, noticed an immense agitation of the water a short distance to the left, and called the attention of the party to the occurrence. He had scarcely finished speaking when the head of an enormous serpent appeared above the water. What followed is best described by the three bluefishers themselves. Mr. McMahon tells the following story:

"I had no weapon with me but a jackknife, but I drew this and determined to sell my life dearly. I saw plainly that if the lives of our little party were to be saved I was to be the humble instrument of deliverance to my comrades. Captain Van Nostrand had nothing but a ten-cent corkscrew, and Ryan's only weapon was a religious tract that had been handed to him just before we started for the bay. Well, sir, it was a terrible sight. The beast or reptile seemed to be about 102 feet long, and its head was as big as a barrel. It rose out of the water over twenty feet, and then as quick as light, ning darted clean through the sail of our boat and landed head first in the water on the other side. One of its scales dropped on the deck, and it was as hard almost as a stove lid, and of the same size. We sailed straight for home, and didn't see the thing again."

Captain Van Nostrand's story differs somewhat from Mr. McMahon's. The captain's version is as follows:

"The moment I saw the water a-tumbling about, I made up my mind it was caused by the serpent I had seen once when I was a boy, forty years ago, off Rockaway. I wasn't the least bit frightened, and I drew a revolver, determined to kill the serpent if possible. It had a head on it as big as an alderman, and its eyes were as large as saucers. Ryan and McMahon were as white as sheets, and each of them picked up a stone from the pile we were carrying as ballast. I took good aim at one of the serpent's eyes, and fired, making a centre shot. But, Lawd bless me! the ball bounded—took no more effect on that eye than it would on a common ball; it simply bounced off. The critter gave a snort, and whisked its tail at our boat. I thought we were gone, sure; but the serpent's tail missed the boat, and just caught Mr. Ryan on the top of the hat, taking the hair off closer to the skin than a clipping machine—so close that you would think he is bald-headed. If that tail had struck an eighth of an inch lower, the man would have lost the top of his skull. The serpent disappeared after taking that one crack at us, and we didn't see him again. McMahon and I were thankful enough to escape; but Ryan kept growling all the way home about losing his hair. He said he wouldn't mind being bald-headed in Winter, but it was a tough thing to stand in fly time."

Mr. Ryan treated his adventure with apparent indifference. Said he:

"The moment I saw the thing, I knew what it was for. The only concern I had was for McMahon. I knew he had the heart-disease, and I was afraid, tearing that the sudden fright he got would kill him. To reassure Mac, I said: 'Don't be frightened; it's only a large-sized eel.' I'll never forget the look he gave me, as he replied: 'Eel? It's the divil himself!' And with that he began to read like a madman a religious tract that the fish-bait was wrapped up in. Just then the serpent lifted its head out of the water, within a foot of where I was sitting. With that, I hauls back and gave him a terrible clip between the two eyes with a stout blackthorn I always carry. The blow staggered him, and he dived under the boat, but came up on the other side, glaring at Mac like a tiger. Mac wore a fancy straw hat that was the color of a green watermelon. 'Overboard with that hat!' It's that which is provokin' the beast!' I yelled, and Mac pulled it off and scaled it over the water. The next thing we heard was a grating sound—the serpent had bitten one another off. Two minutes later, it came up under Mac's hat, and a second later we saw it making for the open sea with the green tile on its head and the anchor between its teeth. I wanted to pursue the serpent; but Mac and the captain wouldn't listen to the proposition, and we sailed home."

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF SIBERIA;

Or,

The Daring Adventures of Two Brave Boys.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

CHAPTER XVII.

[Continued from page 397.]

WHEN Lobki and his party gained the beach Peter and his uncle began to stamp and dance about in a frantic manner, calling upon the fugitives to come back.

Brian and Will, however, laughed at them, and continued to ply the oars, with which they had already carried the vessel so many fathoms from the shore.

Lobki now spoke to the man who had lost his boat, and then the whole party, with the exception of a couple of Cossacks, who were left in charge of the carriage and horses, hurried along the beach toward a small collection of houses about a mile off.

When they reached this place they were seen to enter a long-boat, which was soon manned by a crew of ten men.

"Here they come in chase of us!" cried Brian; "but, thank fortune, we have the start of them."

"They are gaining!" cried Minnie, in alarm.

"Never mind," said Will, "we will soon be in the fog ahead, and then we can keep out of their sight."

On went pursuers and the pursued.

At last the head boat entered the strip of fog. The two boys then pulled a more leisurely stroke. The oars of their pursuers were still heard behind them.

Brian headed the boat in another direction.

After proceeding some distance upon this course the boys suspended their oars.

Those of the others were now heard far away to leeward.

"We have got them off the track," said Will. "We are safe enough, now."

"Hark!" said Minnie.

All listened, and fancied they heard a noise as of some large vessel forging through the water, right ahead.

"It it should prove to be a Russian!" whispered Minnie, pale with fear.

"We must try to avoid it," said Will; "and yet we must get a glimpse of her to discover what she is."

"No," said Brian, "that would never do, for the moment we see her, she will see us."

The boys took to their oars again. They kept away from the direction in which they had heard the noise of the approaching craft.

They had not gone far on this new course when they heard the hoarse voice of an officer shouting some order aboard the vessel.

Minnie clutched her brother's arm.

"I know that voice," she said. "It is Captain Vosk's."

"Lucky it is, then, that we are keeping clear of the craft," he said.

"Yes," said Will; "I only hope that our pursuers do not fall in with him. If they do, he will cruize for us."

The boys continued their exertions until they fancied they heard the Russian vessel receding from them, when they again paused.

"I am dreadfully hungry," said Brian. "Perhaps there are provisions somewhere in this boat. The fishermen generally take a supply with them. What's that?"

Will obtained the bag, and uttered a cry of satisfaction, for he there found some bread and some salmon.

With these the party made a meal.

Meanwhile, the oars of their pursuers were still heard in the distance.

Brian looked around him a little anxiously.

"The fog is clearing," he said.

"Yes," answered Will; "and that will be bad for us."

"Oh, dear! I hope we will not be captured!" cried Minnie. "It would indeed be a cruel thing for us to be taken, after so nearly escaping."

It was fully an hour before the fog cleared.

The Russian vessel's topmasts were now visible far away to leeward, but the boat of the pursuers was not more than a league to windward.

"Here they come!" said Brian, as the other boat was headed toward the fugitives.

Marina stood up looking to leeward.

"I think I see a sail!" she said.

"Ay, there's a sail, sure enough!" said Brian, springing up and gazing toward the column-like object, "but whether a friend or an enemy it is hard to tell. We will go that way, at all events."

The boys now exerted themselves manfully; but, of course, their pursuers kept gaining.

"Alas!" cried Minnie, "we shall be overtaken, after all."

"I am not so sure of that," said Brian.

"But they are gaining."

"*That* gains faster," answered her brother.

He pointed, as he spoke, toward a heavy black cloud which had risen above the horizon, and was now rolling rapidly along the sky.

"You mean we are going to have a storm?" said Minnie.

"Yes, and a heavy one."

"Will there be danger?"

"We may weather it," answered Brian, coolly; "this seems to be a good boat."

"But you seem to think the others cannot."

"There are no good sailors in that boat, I think," said Brian, "judging by the way they handle their oars, and when the first puff comes, they will be frightened and put back to the land."

The dark cloud came rolling on.

Beneath it the water was seen rushing along in foaming masses, with the spray flying far upward.

Presently the pursuing boat was caught by the winds and waves.

For an instant she was shrouded by the flying spray. The next moment she was seen heading for the shore.

"I told you so," said Brian, smiling.

But he soon discovered that his pursuers had good reason for this movement, for the storm, which now came rushing down upon the little boat, was a terrible one.

The craft was tossed and hurled like a football by the angry waves.

The spray was so thick as it flew about them that the little party could scarcely see each other's faces.

Brian kept the head of the boat to the sea, but as the fury of the gale increased, it seemed as if she must soon be swamped.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS IN THE WORLD.

he added, pointing to a canvas bag in the bow.

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.—MR. MICHAEL RYAN'S VERSION OF THE ADVENTURE.

"God help us!" cried Minnie, as, down in the bottom of the boat, she and Marina clung to the thwarts.

The little vessel was swept along with great velocity to leeward.

Will was obliged to constantly bail out the light craft. Meanwhile the seas kept increasing.

Now and then the boat would plunge far under the foaming waters, and at such times Minnie would scream, as she could scarcely retain her hold of the thwart.

Marina was more calm, but she, too, looked pale, and seemed much alarmed.

"Do you see that vessel now?" inquired Brian, as his friend stood up gazing earnestly to leeward.

A mass of flying send and rack, which had since the rising of the storm hidden the vessel from sight, had just blown aside.

"Ay, there she is!" cried Will, joyfully, "not a mile to leeward!"

"Then there is a prospect of our being saved!" said Minnie.

To this Brian only answered that he hoped so.

He could not feel sure that they would be seen in time to be rescued by the stranger, even if her captain would venture to lower a boat in such a blow. He exerted himself manfully to keep the head of the craft to the sea.

"We must show a signal," he said.

"Suppose the craft should prove to be a Russian!" remarked Will.

"We cannot be particular, now," said Brian.

Then he whispered to his friend, or, rather, his voice, in the din of the storm, sounded like a whisper, although he fairly shouted to make himself heard.

"Look at the bottom of the boat!"

Will did so, and, to his dismay, perceived that the thumping of the seas had opened a crack in the light wood.

"She cannot possibly float an hour longer!" added Brian.

From an inside pocket he then took the signal—the small American flag which had been presented to him by Captain Marbie, of the whaler, on that day when he saved his life.

He fastened the signal to a boathook, and then secured the latter to the stern of the boat.

Not long was it there when a dull report was heard rising above the din of the storm, while a puff of smoke was seen curling upward from the stranger.

"Good! that means they see us," said Brian.

The boys looked toward the shore. This their pursuers had safely reached, and they stood on a high rock watching the fugitives.

"Could we not go ashore?" said Minnie.

"No, it would be impossible now," said Brian. "We should certainly be swamped were we to attempt it."

At that moment there was a scream from the young girl.

The crack in the bottom of the boat had widened and the water was bubbling up through it!

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

WILL caught up a piece of canvas and endeavored to stop the leak.

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.—HOW MR. JOHN M'MAHON SAW THE MONSTER.

In this, however, he was only partially successful, and he was obliged to use the bailer rapidly to prevent the boat from filling.

Brian looked earnestly toward the vessel to leeward.

She was not now more than a mile and a half distant, lying-to in the gale.

"I think she is an American," he said. "She looks neither like a Russian nor like an Englishman. Ay, ay! I am quite sure she is an American, now," he added, as he caught a good view of her four boats.

"She is a whaler!"

Soon after a boat was lowered from the stranger.

Pulling to windward in such a gale was hard work, and the boat made but slow progress.

Fortunately, however, the other boat, being to leeward, was sweeping down toward it.

Will was still plying the bailer, when all at once a wall of water swept over the light craft.

He threw an arm about Minnie's waist, to save her from being washed overboard.

Then, as the boat righted, he noticed that the canvas in the crack at the bottom had been swept away, and that the water was now pouring in rapidly.

He used the bailer quickly, but all to no purpose.

The water kept gaining, and it was evident that the boat would be swamped in a few minutes.

"We can do nothing more," said Brian.

Both he and his friend sprang toward the young women, for the boat, nearly full of water, must be rolled over by the next sea.

The whaleboat, however, was now not more than ten fathoms off.

Upright in the stern, holding the steering-oar, was a tall, lank figure.

"Hallos!" he screamed. "Hallos! hold on hard there, and I'll soon have you aboard of me."

Just then over went the boat!

Will had thrown an arm about Minnie's waist, and he held on to her, while with the other hand he made a clutch at the bottom of the boat.

But it was swept away from him with the velocity of a cannon-ball.

Brian and Marina were side by side.

"Take care of yourself," she had said. "Remember that I can swim."

Ahead of him Brian saw Will making desperate efforts to keep Minnie's head above water.

He was soon alongside of him, assisting him.

A minute later the struggling party found themselves close to the whaleboat.

Several of the men rose, and a clutch was made at the people in the sea.

Minnie was first drawn into the boat. Then Marina, who had seized an oar, was also pulled in.

After her Brian and Will got into the vessel.

The latter was nearly capsized.

In fact, it would have been, had not the man in the stern-sheets whirled it round, head to the sea.

"We are all right now," he said.

Brian, looking at him closely, recognized Captain Marbie, the American whaler, whom he had saved weeks before.

"I thought something would turn up to enable me to serve you a good turn," he said, as he shook hands with Brian. "The minute I saw that signal in your boat I knew who you were, and I would have lowered for you then, even had it been blowing harder than it is."

The light craft was soon alongside of the ship, and its occupants on deck.

Leaving his men to hoist up the boat, the captain conducted the party into the cabin.

Comfortable quarters in one of the little rooms were found for the young women.

The steward's wife, who was aboard, and who acted as stewardess, found dry garments for them, while Captain Marbie procured a change for the boys.

A good meal was then prepared for them, to which they all did full justice.

"Mighty glad I am," said Marbie, "that I spied you. My craft, you see, was bound home from the whaling regions, where we have made a good haul this season. I have a full ship."

"I am glad to hear it," said Brian, heartily, as he shook hands with the skipper.

"I suppose you have heard about your men," continued Marbie; "the crew of your schooner?"

"No," answered Brian, opening his eyes.

"They escaped, every one of them, from the Russians."

"How did you learn this?"

"From your first officer. In the Okhotsk, do you see, I spoke an English war craft, and your men were all aboard of her. It seems they contrived, your first officer said, to overpower their guard in Okhotsk, and escape in a boat, in which they put out to sea. Fortunately, they fell in with the English vessel, which took them aboard."

"I am glad to hear that," cried Brian, joyfully.

He and the captain then went on deck.

The violence of the gale had already begun to abate, and the mate was putting additional sail on the vessel.

Toward night the wind hauled fair.

It remained so for a whole week, during which the whaler made a good run.

In due time she arrived at the Sandwich Islands.

There the captain remained for four days, after which he crowded sail for home.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. The whaler had rounded Cape Horn, and was now steering the latitude of the Brazil coast.

Minnie stood on the weather side of the quarter-deck, looking thoughtfully out upon the sea, which sparkled as if sown with jewels.

All at once she heard a step by her side.

She looked up, to see her brother's friend, Will.

A shy smile hovered about the corners of her mouth, and she turned aside her head to conceal the rosy glow that spread over her smooth cheeks.

"It is a fine night," began Will.

"Yes."

The youth remained silent a moment.

Minnie's breast heaved against the rail, for with womanly intuition she felt that Will had come to talk to her about something of more importance to both than the weather.

"Minnie," he said, at last, taking her hand, which she allowed to remain in his, "I have known you now for some months. It has not taken me so long to love you. I loved you from the first moment I saw you. Now I ask you if you will be my wife when we reach America?"

Minnie looked up for one instant.

Then she laid both little hands in his and answered, in a low tone:

"Take me; I am yours!"

Meanwhile, on the other side of the deck, Marina and Brian were walking arm-in-arm.

The sweet disposition and lovely person of the young woman had not failed to make an impression on the boy.

A few nights before the present time he had asked her to become his wife, and she had gladly consented, for she had loved him from the first.

Of a frank nature, she did not hesitate to own that it was love for him which had tempted her to leave the Zongune warrior, who had long but vainly wooed her for his bride.

"And so you never cared for him, Marina?"

"No; but I pitied him, and had I never seen you, I might have consented at last to become his wife."

"Have you no sorrow at leaving the land which has so long been your home?" continued Brian.

"You are my *land*, my *everything*!" answered Marina, artlessly.

It was this childish manner, blended with that of the true woman, which had won upon Brian.

He looked down upon the innocent face and smiled.

"But your father, Marina? Are you not sorry that you will never see him again?"

"You will be a father to me!" answered Marina.

Brian laughed.

"Yes," he said; "I hope to be a father in time!"

The vessel had fair winds during the greater part of the voyage home. At last she anchored in New Bedford harbor.

Both Brian and Will, each of whom had money in New York institutions, then wrote for funds, which were promptly sent to them.

They made their way to New York, accompanied by Minnie and Marina, and there the double wedding soon after took place.

Brian talked of going to England with his wife, but both Minnie and her husband persuaded him to remain in the United States.

Having selected a pleasant location on the outskirts of the city, each of the young men built a cottage there.

Here they lived happy and contented, both couples within a hundred yards of each other.

Will had entered into a good mercantile business, and it was not long before Brian went into partnership with him.

Their wives had persuaded them to give up their roving life and settle down.

One day, several years after his marriage, Brian was visited by his former first mate, Mr. Bend.

It is needless to state that he received a hearty welcome from his friend.

"After our capture and separation from you," said Bend, describing the adventures of himself and shipmates, when they had been taken prisoners by the Russians, "we were conveyed to Petropavlovsk. From there we were subsequently taken to Okhotsk, and huddled together like sheep in an old stone ruin, guarded by Cossacks.

"They gave us black bread and a little cornbrandy, so weak that it reminded me of the 'white tea' my mother used to give me when I was a child.

"Our fare was miserable, but we were told that we should have better by-and-by.

"We did not, however, care to wait for that.

"One night we contrived to cut away the iron bars about the window, and crawl out unperceived, by the guard, who had just turned the corner of the building.

"But just as we were about to run for the river, where we hoped to find some boat in which we might make our escape out to sea, the guard perceived us, and there was such a yell as only a Cossack can give.

"But that was his last yell for the time.

"Thompson, the Welshman, let fly a big stone at him, which struck him on the head, laying him senseless on the ground.

"Then we all made a rush for the river, not minding the volley which the guard, who had come up and blazed away, sent after us.

"We had not got far when who should we see, standing near a ditch, but Kickavitch, a Russian officer, with a drawn pistol in one hand and a sword in the other.

"What he said we could not make out, for his lingo was that cursed Russian, which is a perfect jawbreaker, and which I hope I may never hear again.'

"'We are in for it now!' I said to the Welshman.

"'Ay!' yelled Thompson, 'her and all are in for it, but by means to be out of it!'

"Bang! went the pistol.

"The bullet grazed my cheek.

"Thompson bore down upon Kickavitch, avoided a blow from his sword by dodging, and hurled him headforemost into the muddy ditch!

"He went in up to the shoulders, and glancing behind us, as we dashed on, we saw him by the moonlight, his long legs frantically flying this way and that, something like a windmill.

"'Come on!' yelled Thompson. 'Her means to keep it up, now her has begun!'

"As he spoke, slap! went his head against a basket carried on the head of a fat Russian woman, who was passing at the time, and who also had a baby in her arms.

"Down went the woman, but Thompson caught the baby's dress in his teeth, and thus saved that from going, too.

"He held on to the baby with his teeth, and deposited it gently on top of the prostrate woman's basket, which I think must have contained eggs, as a sort of cracking sound followed.

"'Come on! Her is bound to keep it up, now her has begun,' cried Thompson, again.

"We all followed, and soon gained the river shore.

"There was a long-boat from which a Mongol, wearing a pointed hat, was taking out salmon, with which the boat was half filled.

"Thompson caught him by the slack of his robe behind, bade him take care of himself, and pitched him into the soft sand, where he sank up to his hips.

"We were all in the boat in a twinkling, pulling with might and main toward the sea.

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.—CAPTAIN WILLIAM VAN NOSTRAND'S RECOLLECTION OF THE AFFAIR.

"Soon the fort began to blaze away at us, and we heard a terrible 'hue and cry' behind us, but we managed to escape to the sea, and there a fog enabled us to elude those who were sent in pursuit of us.

"In the morning the fog cleared, and, to our surprise and joy, we beheld an English sloop-of-war close to starboard.

"We pulled for her, were taken aboard, and remained as part of her crew until we were discharged."

There is little more to add.

Mr. Bend, a week after his visit, sailed for England.

He entered the navy, and often sent Brian letters, describing his experience, which long served to amuse, not only the young man and his friend Will, but also their wives, and the bright, merry little children who gathered about the family hearth.

THE END.

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

CHAPTER XL.

(Continued from page 386.)

"I will gladly pay you a ransom if you will permit me to reach General Taylor's camp at Saltillo."

"That's just what I'm going to do; and all the ransom I ask is the pleasure of serving Roy Bellingham's sweetheart—bless her sweet face!"

This generosity pleased Richard Eaton and delighted Mary Frank.

"What a nice old grizzly bear you are!" she exclaimed, vivaciously. "You must be a friend to Roy!"

"Well, I don't suppose he'd be disposed to call a rough old customer like myself his friend, but I am always ready to do him a good turn when I can."

Preparations for the ride to Saltillo were at once made. The mules were again brought into requisition for the service of Mary Frank and Milly Meade, and Richard Eaton was furnished with a horse. A dozen men, well-mounted and armed, under command of Ned Graghty, accompanied them, and thus escorted they rode toward the city in the valley in the best of spirits.

"At last we shall meet Roy!" exclaimed Mary Frank.

"Yes, and, thank fortune, we are out of the clutches of that eccentric aunt of yours," answered Richard Eaton. "I never felt safe of my life a moment whilst she was near."

"Oh, guardy! you have too bad an opinion of her."

"Take care you don't have a worse one, one of these days!" he responded, dryly.

When they reached the first picket-guard, Graghty halted, and Richard Eaton, by his direction, answered the challenge.

"Friends to speak with the general," he said.

"I'll leave you here," said Graghty. "You're safe enough now; but might I offer a word of advice?"

"Certainly," replied Mary Frank; for his eyes were resting upon her face.

"Try and find that aunt of yours—she's in yonder town—Padre Agapito, she calls herself, and pretends to be a priest—the devil has always been celebrated for stealing Heaven's livery—find her, and keep her—don't let her come back to us, for she's got Tom's heart twisted in every lock of her shining hair—hair like yours, my jewel!—and she'll play mischief with him before long. Persuade her to be like a decent woman, and stop her philandering; and if she won't, make her; put her under restraint, send her to a lunatic asylum, if they've got one there, or some other safe place. Look out for her, for she's venomous, in spite of her beautiful face. And now, the top of the morning to you, and good-by."

"Good-by!" responded Mary Frank, cordially.

Ned Graghty wheeled his horse about, and led his men back to their mountain retreat.

"Well, Mary Frank, what do you think of your Aunt Zelia now?" inquired Richard Eaton.

"I don't know what to think, but I know what I shall do," replied Mary Frank, emphatically. "If we do meet her at Saltillo, I shall most decidedly give her a piece of my mind."

"I hope you will," rejoined Richard Eaton, laughingly; "for she needs it, as she don't appear to have any of her own."

Passing within the lines of the American camp, they were conducted to the quarters of General Wool, who received them very cordially.

Richard Eaton made the nature of his errand known to him.

"How strange!" cried General Wool. "You are just one day too late."

"A day too late! How so?" inquired Richard Eaton. "Has anything happened to the boy?"

General Wool smiled, and that smile was a great relief to Mary Frank, who shared in Richard Eaton's anxiety.

"Nothing very serious," answered the general. "He has been sent to a more active field of operations, by his own desire. He is now on his way to Vera Cruz, to join General Scott's army."

"And we have missed him by a day!" cried Richard Eaton, vexedly.

"Exactly."

"Ah! we may thank this precious Zelia for this!" muttered Richard Eaton to Mary Frank. "If she had let us alone we would have found him."

A wrinkle gathered on Mary Frank's fair forehead, an unusual sign of displeasure with her.

"It seems so, guardy," she returned.

"Well, thank fortune! he's out of her way, at all events."

"I wonder if Tom Meade went with Roy!" cried Mary Frank, suddenly. "He may be here."

"Tom Meade? Oh, ah, yes! Milly's brother," rejoined Richard Eaton. "He's not likely to remain behind. Do you know the name, general—Lieutenant Meade?"

"Certainly. He belongs to the Texan Volunteers. He went with Captain Bellingham. They are both to be attached to General Worth's staff. These young men displayed great bravery at the storming of Monterey, I have been told, and General Worth was anxious to have them; and so General Taylor sent them out to him. Any assistance that I can render you, Mr. Eaton, in arranging for your journey you are welcome to, and I trust you will accept my hospitality while you remain in Saltillo."

"I thank you, general; you are very kind," responded Richard Eaton.

And Mary Frank smiled her acknowledgment of the general's courtesy.

They did not linger long in Saltillo. A rumor came there that Vera Cruz had already fallen and General Scott was advancing on the City of Mexico.

"He will get there before we do, if we do not hurry," Richard Eaton told Mary Frank; and she was as eager to commence the journey as he was.

Richard Eaton was well-supplied with money, and found no difficulty in engaging a carriage similar to the one he had used before, and a postilion who was thoroughly acquainted with the road; and bidding General Wool farewell, with earnest thanks for his kindness, our travelers left Saltillo, taking the road to San Louis Potosi.

Zelia applied to the first officer she met for information of Roy Bellingham as his friends, having known him at Monterey, she said, and learned, with deep chagrin, that he had departed for Vera Cruz. Her first impulse was to leave the band for ever and follow him, but at the last she resolved, as Richard Eaton and Mary Frank had done, to proceed to the new field of war.

"I will set Mary Frank and Richard Eaton free," she told herself, "and let them follow on Roy's track."

She hurried back to the mountain retreat, meeting Estevan on the road, and when he explained how and why he had been sent by Hartnett, she burst into a scornful laugh.

"The old fool!" she cried. "He is too careful of me!"

"He loves you," returned Estevan, pointedly.

"Ah, yes! poor fellow! I'm afraid there's little help for him," she answered.

Estevan was riding by her side, his men being in the rear, and they could converse freely.

"Beware of Tomaso; he may yet do you an injury," he said, impressively.

Her brow contracted.

"True; the dog has showed his teeth unpleasantly lately," she replied; "but I still hold him in a strong leash. I'll lead him to the City of Mexico, and then say good-by to him."

"And you will take your charming niece—I mean, cousin?"

Estevan paused abruptly and changed color beneath Zelia's searching glance.

"Oh! she has been talking to you, it seems!" she cried. "Well, well, we will see," she added, evasively. "I shall make no enemy of him by setting Mary Frank free, but it cannot be helped," she told herself.

On their arrival at the camp, Zelia was surprised and Estevan enraged to find that Hartnett had set the captives free; but Estevan did not dare to vent his displeasure upon the stalwart robber.

"You have done just what I intended to do on my return," Zelia told Hartnett, privately.

[To be continued.]

"Roy the Ranger" was commenced in No. 61.

The Chums at Harvard College.

(A SEQUEL TO ORVILLE AND DAN.)

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," "INVENTIVE IKE," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HAZERS GET MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR.

THERE are few situations in life more intensely bitter and humiliating than that of a person who, setting out to whip another, has the tables turned upon him and finds himself in the power of his anticipated victim.

Messrs. Skerry, Cottar and Wackrell felt this, and deeply regretted having been such idiots as to attack men like the chums.

"Come," said Orv, unlocking the door of Skerry's prison, "my bim ost and let us see who he is!"

Dan and Benkei grasped the tail youth as they would have done a ladder, and soon had him in a chair, under the blaze of the gaslight.

The sophs still retained their Chinese masks and tailed scalps, and the freshmen had no idea who they were.

"You cowardly Cantonese!" exclaimed Orv, "how dare you enter our rooms and spoil our furniture?"

"Yes," said Dan, sternly, "how dare you lay your hands upon a gentleman and a stranger who has never harmed you?"

"I'd show you—if I were free!" hissed Skerry.

"Boys," said Orv, turning to his chums, "I believe these Chinamen are armed. Search them!"

"Yes," nodded Dan, raising Wackrell's jumper and exhibiting a revolver tucked in the scarf worn by the mock Celestial as a belt. "You're right, brother."

"And this one also has a pistol!" said Ben, securing Cottar's seven-shooter.

"And so has this rowdy," exclaimed Dan, searching Skerry.

The three weapons were deposited upon the table.

"Now for their masks and see who they are!" inquired Benkei.

"No," coldly answered Orv. "We do not desire to know the names of these degraded Chinese laundrymen, for they cannot be sophomores, as we first imagined. Simply cut the masks across the forehead, with a pair of scissors, so as to remove the scalp of the disguises."

Dan did as his brother told him, revealing Skerry's red locks, Cottar's jet-black hair, and Wackrell's brown ringlets, of which the soph was inordinately vain.

"Come, now," growled Skerry. "This little gag is getting stale! We own up—we're sophomores! You'd best let us go or it will be bad for you!"

Orv favored the speaker with contemptuous glance, pointing to the revolvers, said, in a quiet, dignified voice:

"You sophomores? You gentlemen students in the highly respectable university? Nonsense! It's useless to attempt deceiving us in that manner. You are Chinese laundrymen on a looting expedition. Under ordinary circumstances we would simply hand you over to a policeman, but as we are afraid you would thus get off with a mere fine we shall attend to your case ourselves. Had you not been armed we would simply have kicked you out of our apartments and down the stairs. As it is, we will shave your heads and send you forth as bald as ostriches."

"Enough of this," snarled Wackrell; "if you were to carry out your threat our class would kill you."

"Mix up the lather, Dan," muttered Orv, turning the contents of Cottar's bag out on to the table. "You, juvenile Jew, came here to shave our friend, Yuno Benkei; we'll see how you like your ideas carried out upon yourselves," with which he said to Ben: "Chum, will you let me have those sharp scissors of yours?"

The sophomores, who were perspiring in an agony of fear, now lost all control of their tempers, and used exceedingly unrefined language, spite of which their captors made their preparations, and when all was ready Orville picked up the scissors and said:

"Silence, or we will gag you! Do you for a moment imagine we believe you are sophomores? You are cowardly Chinese washermen. Your attempt at speaking English is too thin, and it's no use your having allowed your hair to grow, thus endeavoring to pass yourselves off as American men. Now sit up and take your punishment quietly, or we'll make you. If you squirm, I may cut flesh instead of hair."

He gave one more look at the revolvers, ink-stained carpet and ruined furniture, then began to clip. There was no excuse for the sophomores' act; they had been guilty of a scandalous outrage, and deserved all they got.

Had the hazers not carried arms, the freshmen would have acted differently; as it was, they were fully justified.

While Orv was clipping he remembered if their victims had conquered they would not have hesitated at anything, and if he now were to let them go there was no way of punishing them, reporting a soph by a freshman being out of the question.

Skerry's feelings can be better imagined than described, while his language became so bad that finally Orville stopped him with:

"I shall really hurt you if you do not hold your tongue. I'm only an amateur hair-cutter, not a professor of profanity, and your words make me nervous."

"All right," hissed Skerry, relapsing into sullen silence.

When he was clipped as close as a horse, Dan lathered the bully's head, and Benkei, who in the old time at Hori had often shaved his fellow-bonzes' scalps, set to work, and soon operated upon that of Mr. Skerry, after which they took Wackrell in hand, and when he was put through began upon Cottar.

"You'll repent this night's work!" snarled the latter, as Orv gave the finishing snick, and turned him over to Dan.

"Guess you're repenting it already?" chuckled the freshman. "In future you'd better stick to washing dirty clothes!"

"My name is Wackrell," said the exasperated hazer. "I am a sophomore, sir! You'll repent this diabolical outrage upon my class!"

"Oh, go along," grinned Dan. "You smell of suds! Any one can tell your occupation. Now, Ben, give him a nice, close shave."

Benkei advanced, and grasping Cottar by one ear, yanked his head back, as he did so imitating the way the soph had spoken when he served him in a similar way, saying:

"Dee piecee sofo-moree dog; him wanchee shaved! Me shavee, me shavee he—nomba one!"

"I'll shave you when I get you before the Faculty," snapped Cottar. "You'll get expelled for this little gag."

"Oh, shuttee up!" grinned Ben. "You Chinaman too muchee talkee-talkee! Me wanchee you go before Faculty—wlo-wlo, shop-chop!"

The sophs were enfeebled, just as their companions had done, and Benkei soon turned him out as bald as an egg.

"Now, you Chinamen," said Orv, in his usual calm, grave tone, "I'm going to smash up these pistols."

He withdrew the charges, and after seeing the barrels were clear, laid the weapons on the hearth-stone, and, seizing a hammer, shattered them into fragments.

"Now you fellows are satisfied?" growled Skerry. "Can't we go?"

Dan looked at him, scornfully, and said:

"No; you must humbly apologize in writing to Mr. Yuno Benkei. We know you. You are Lumwang, Lin-how, and Sam Pack."

At first the sophs vowed they would not do what he demanded; however, they finally yielded, and Skerry wrote the following:

"In consideration of Yuno Benkei, esquire, promising not to make public our attack upon him, which was caused through our hatred of the Harvard authorities having admitted so many of his countrymen to the University, and in consideration of Orville and Daniel Pillasons, esquires, holding him in his promise, and the three gentlemen letting us go without prosecution, after our having wantonly and maliciously destroyed their effects, and subjected them to shameful inconvenience, we, three laundrymen, hereby humbly apologize to the before-mentioned Yuno Benkei, esquire, and solemnly acknowledge we have made asses of ourselves.

"LUM-WANG.
"LIN-HOW.
"SAM PACK."

When they had signed this precious document Orv unlocked the door of the sitting-room, and bidding his chums release their visitors, turned his back on the latter.

"Say, you men," sulkily demanded Wackrell, as he and his fellow-hazers sneaked out of the apartment; "you'll keep this quiet, won't you?"

"Certainly," answered Dan, "unless we experience any more annoyance from you or your employers. If you had not paid us this absurd visit we might have given you our washing to do. Good-night."

The enraged, baffled sophomores did not remain to take any more "freshman's sauce," but cleared out, making the best of their way to their various quarters.

"Well, chums," inquired Orville, as the footsteps died away on the stairs; "we're in a nice pickle, are we not?" exhibiting his ochre-smeared hands and clothes. "They've spoilt our furniture, haven't they?"

"Yes," dryly replied his brother, surveying the scene, "but we've gone them one better, and spoilt their beauty for a while. If this thing leaks out there will be a shindy. Just fancy, we three freshys having hazed as many sophs. When this is known the whole class will be up in arms. It will either stop hazing or we shall have to shave the entire crowd."

"We'll do the latter, if they give us any more of their nonsense," murmured Orv. "Anyhow, we gave those fellows all they wanted."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SOPHOMORES CATCH IT HOT AND HOT.

AS Messrs. Skerry, Cottar and Wackrell had no such juvenile Joe Bangs at his chum at the gymnasium, Morrice and he called on Skerry as they went home.

The sophomore's room was like a museum, the walls being hung with trophies won in many an encounter with the freshmen of the previous year, among the articles being battered tall hats, sign-boards and boots, while the gas-burner, in the centre of the apartment, served as a rest for a score of sticks, captured from victims "who had dared to carry canes after being warned not to do so by their superiors."

It was a standing order at Harvard that no freshman should wear a tall silk hat or sport a stick, those outward signs of manliness being considered the privileges of sophomores, and men higher in collegiate rank. To outsiders this may appear an absurd custom. To the Harvard students it was a law.

Of course sensible fellows laughed at this and did not interfere with the freshmen. It was only empty-headed idiots like Skerry and Morrice who kept up such observances, and as long as the newcomers submitted, the bullies smashed hats and confiscated canes.

When Morrice knocked at the door of the soph's room, Skerry started like a guilty thing. However, on hearing who was there, he admitted the pair, observing, in a subdued growl:

"Rush! come right in. We've been stunned."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bangs, catching sight of his shaven pate and taking it for a disguise. "That's a rattling good make-up of yours. I'd like one for amateur theatricals—I always play old man."

"Confound you, you imp!" said Skerry, grasping the speaker by the arm. "Shut up! You and Bad, here, have let us fellows in nicely."

"How?" coolly asked Morrice, seating himself in a lounge-chair, "Did you have much trouble in taking their scalps?"

"Look at me, hang you!" hissed Skerry, almost throwing Bangs from him, and turning upon the big-mouthed sophomore, who contemptuously remarked:

"Well, I must say you're a caution. What is the matter? You don't look as handsome as you did this evening."

"I've had my head shaved!" fairly howled Skerry. "I believe you and your monkey of a friend have put up a job on me and my chums. If I were sure of it I'd kick the pair of you."

"You forget I am a junior, sir," loftily retorted Bangs, glancing up at Skerry as a bantam does at a Shanghai rooster. "You kick me? I'd like to see you try it."

Like most dwarfs, Josephus was spunky. Besides, he thought if the freshmen had whipped the big soph, he could.

Skerry scowled first at him and next at the imperturbable Morrice, then said, in a savage tone:

"Look at my head, blame you—look at it!"

"That is what I have been doing," drawled Bad, calmly puffing at his cigar-stump. "You are an awful guy, old man. Said as a coast, by Jove! Who raised your hair?"

After making his amused visitors solemnly vow not to reveal a word of the affair to outsiders, he gradually related his attempt at hazing the freshmen, winding up with:

"We went to scalp them, but they turned the tables on us nicely."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the chums, in chorus. "Oh, oh, oh!"

"And you signed a paper?" presently ejaculated Morrice, wiping the tears of merriment from his eyes. "You actually apologized after they had—he, he, he! taken your scalps?"

"We didn't run away from them, as you did at Clark's," reserved Skerry.

His classmate regarded him furiously, and for a moment it looked as though there would be a fight.

"I wouldn't stand that—by Jupiter, I wouldn't!" remarked Bangs, who desired no better fun than to witness a trial of strength between the sophs. "Go in, Morrice!"

"No!" at length answered the latter, rising and looking at his victim sullenly. "If this man can't take punishment without howling over it he becomes personally offensive in his remarks, I have done with him. Come, chum, let us leave him to cultivate his hair and manners."

Ere Skerry could reply, so amazed was he at this speech, the pair of worthies had quitted his room, and he heard them laughing as they descended the stairs.

"What a precious looney I have been," he murmured, surveying himself in the glass; "if this affair gets abroad I shall be obliged to quit Harvard. Never mind; if I go they shall accompany me."

About five o'clock the next morning three sophomores might have been seen ensconced in a street-car, on their way to Boston.

Each wore his hat well down over his ears, and had the collar of his coat turned up to meet the brim of his beaver, and all three looked as mad as tom-cats in a cage.

Neither of them spoke during the journey from Harvard Square to the Revere House, nor did they so much as glance at one another; however, when they alighted, Cottar and Wackrell hurried after Skerry, and the first-mentioned whispered:

"Say, Sker, where are you going?"

"To Pyefinche's in Boston," returned, referring to a well-known wig-maker. "Don't you fellows walk alongside of me. The police will take us for escaped convicts."

The pair dropped astern of him and followed their leader in and out the various streets, until they arrived in a narrow passageway near the Court House.

"Hang it," snapped Skerry, looking toward the window of Pyefinche's store, "nobody here yet."

"It is not much after six," murmured Cottar. "My head is awfully cold; isn't yours?"

"Shut up!" hotly responded their guide. "If you hadn't been such curs last night we should not be in this hole."

As he spoke who should come hurrying toward them but Johnny Brackett, a classmate, who lived in Boston; one of the most inveterate practical jokers in the college.

At first they pretended not to see him, and even when he had given them 'good-morning' neither of the party more than nodded.

"Hello!" he cried, halting and contronting Wackrell; "if you don't look sharp you'll be too late for chapel. The cars go awfully slow at this hour of the morning," adding, as he missed the other's brown ringlets: "Why, Wack, old man, what is the matter with your hair?"

"Go on!" savagely responded the soph. "Don't wait for us! We shall not be at prayers."

"But—your head?" coolly continued Johnnie; "have you had them shaved?"

"Thunderation! What's that to you?" said Skerry, turning angrily upon the questioner.

As he did so, a market man laden with a basket of truck rushed full tilt against the speaker's hat and revealed his bald head; on seeing which Johnnie grinned and remarked:

"Oh, ho! Guess you tried to haze some one last night, and caught a Japanese Tartar!"

"Brackett," hissed Skerry, clapping on his head-covering, which Cottar had picked up and handed to him, "I have always looked upon you as a gentleman."

"Well?" chuckled the wag. "What do you want of me? Quick—I'm in a hurry!"

"Keep mum about what you've seen!" murmured the other. "It will be all the better for the class."

Although Johnnie hated to miss prayers, and knew he had barely time to catch the car, he could not refrain from indulging in a joke.

"What I've seen?" he vacantly replied. "If you want me to keep your secret I must see all of your heads. If you won't exhibit, I shall let the cat out of the bag."

Skerry knew his man, so nodding to his two companions, he raised his hat, Cottar and Wackrell doing the same, while an old lady who kept an apple-stall near by gaped on them in wonderment, and a small boy seized the opportunity to collar a couple of pippins.

It was a comical sight—three sophs exhibiting their bald pates to a smiling classmate, who inspected them just as a sergeant does a tile of soldiers.

They were perfectly aware what would be the result if they refused his request, so had to comply.

"Nice, neat job for a fresh," he chuckled. "I'll be mum!"

Away he went, racing and laughing like a crazy fellow, while the trio replaced their head-coverings and glanced murderously after him, Skerry remarking:

"Ugh! I'd like to choke that idiot!"

"What are you young fellows waiting round here for?" demanded a policeman, who had seen them when they first took up their positions. "You were here a while ago—I'd like to know your business."

As they did not desire to be run in on suspicion, Skerry took the officer aside, and winking significantly, gave him his card and a five-dollar bill, at the same time whispering:

"Ahem! We're Harvard students. Some fellows played a trick on us last night, and shaved our heads for fun."

The man glanced first at the money and next at the speaker, after which he muttered:

"Fun? Well, it may have been a jolly good joke for them, but you don't look particularly happy. I suppose you're waiting to see Pyefinch?"

"Yes," breathed the soph. "When does he open store?"

The officer pocketed the bill and said, in a suggestive tone:

"Go into Rimmer's restaurant until Pye comes along. He won't be here until eight o'clock. You look so preciously like professionals, if the sergeant comes along he might scoop you. Take my advice, keep out of sight until Pye arrives."

"Thank you," said the young man.

Two minutes after that the trio were seated in the restaurant, eating with their hats on, their hot canning the attendants to make audible remarks, which the customers dared not resent.

A Yankee waitress considers herself as good as the next person, and being usually smart as a rat, can say very stinging things; at least, that was the sophs' experience.

"They've been scalped by the contemptuous," remarked one of the maidens to another. "The freshys always get lazed on the first Monday night of the term."

"Confound her, she takes us for freshmen!" muttered Cottar to his companions. "Isn't this rough?"

"Shut up!" snapped Skerry, kicking him under the table. "She knows me. She used to serve at Widdow's, in Cambridge. Let them talk!"

The young men lingered over their meal, keeping one eye on the clock, until they felt pretty sure Pyefinch had arrived, when they paid their score and sallied out, leaving the snickering waitresses to talk over their strange appearance.

"Pye's in, thank goodness," said Cottar. "I'd just as soon be flayed alive as remain in that eating-shop another minute."

"Wigs, eh?" gently observed the maker, eying them very much as the policeman had done. "Suffering from scalp-disease?"

"No," growled Skerry; "we're Harvard men who have been—been in a hazing scrape. You need not look so scared; here's my card."

"Thank you," replied Pyefinch, evidently relieved in his mind, and glad to find he had such good customers. "One has to be so cautious nowadays, you know. The city is full of well-dressed—ahem—professionals. Ahem! What colors would you like, gentlemen?"

"Mine must be—hum—auburn," answered Skerry. "When I say that, I mean a light auburn."

"Red?" said the wig-maker, inspecting the young man's scalp.

"I want a jet-black wig, trimmed pretty short," said Cottar.

"And mine must be of brown, crisp, curly hair," suggested Wackrell. "Come, hurry up! We have to get back to Cambridge in time for a lecture."

The little man thought for a moment, then contorting his features into a sickly smile, remarked:

"I guess I will have to make them for you. I've only theatrical wigs in stock."

This announcement fell like a thunderbolt upon them, and Cottar nervously demanded:

"How long will you take?"

Pyefinch twisted his head on one side like a parrot, and reflectively answered:

"A week or ten days."

"Ten——dominoes!" cried Skerry. "See here, Mr. Pyefinch, we must have something right away."

"I've got a low-comedy wig that will just suit you," smilingly returned the dealer. "I think a black crop will temporarily fix your friend, and as Richard the Third, trimmed short, meet this young gentleman's wants. Send me your photos, and by this day week, I'll have you wigged so naturally that you won't know but what you're wearing your own hair."

The young men finally agreed to accept the inevitable, and after considerable trying on, were provided with head-coverings and had given orders for and had paid deposits on three costly wigs.

That noon, when they entered the dining-hall to take luncheon, everybody stared at them, and they felt, even had their hair not revealed their secret, some one had betrayed them.

"Hello, Sker, where have you been all the morning?" cried a classmate. "Old Roughem was inquiring for you."

The sophomore did not dare to reply, though he turned as red as his toupee, and when the meal was over, made a rush for his room, followed by Cottar and Wackrell.

"See here!" he savagely exclaimed, "Bangs has given us away; now what are we going to do? The whole college is laughing over our misfortune."

CHAPTER X.

THE BEST THING YET.

SPITE of submitting to the humiliation of signing the paper and of yielding to Jennie Brackett's demand to inspect their scalps, the shaven sophs found it was no more good endeavoring to hide the truth than to try and keep the sun from rising.

"It's the best thing dowsest Harvard for many a long day," was Don Mortimer's comment, when told the story by little Bangs. "I am downright glad those fellows caught it. This will about stop hazing, at all events, for the present term."

"Yes," grinned Bangs; "but, say, won't the Faculty take it up and make it lively for all parties! Skerry and his associates missed a recitation and lecture, and the tutors and professors won't let them off without an explanation."

"I do not think there will be any further trouble," quietly answered the senior. "Of course, the Faculty will hear of it; they somehow always do learn about everything that goes on in the university."

This was a quiet kick at the dwarf, who was said to have more than once told on his chums.

Bangs did not take it to himself, or if he did, failed to resent the hint, for he went on:

"Yes, of course, the grannies will make it out. I hope they'll suspend those freshmen, anyhow. It will be a nice state of things if they are allowed to rough their superiors and get off scot-free. This is a class matter, you know, Don."

"I'm not a soph!" was the contemptuous reply.

"Between ourselves, this caste or class business is very distasteful to me. I believe one student—provided he behaves like a gentleman—is as good as another, and, to show my opinion, I shall cultivate the friendship of the Fillamores and their Japanese chum. Good-morning, Mr. Bangs!"

"A regular democratic leveler he is, with all his high-toned ways!" muttered the little monkey, gazing after the last speaker. "Thinks the grannies won't take any notice of this matter, eh! Well, I guess they will! It's amusing all the college, and I'll take care the Faculty shall hear of it in a way they must listen to!"

Bangs was an imp of mischief, and after much consultation with Morrice, he penned the following:

THE BEST THING-YET.

By a Freshman.

Three freshmen to old Harvard came;
Three sophs set out to have the same.

Two of the freshs were Yankee chaps,
Their chum was of the race called Japs.

One soph was tall—his hair was red;
He was the leader, so 'tis said.

The second soph was dark and hurly,
The third had hair that's known as curly.

Disguised as Chinamen—a sight—
They started out on Monday night.

They each had pistols—were "all there"—
And pledged to raise the freshmen's hair.

They also carried ink and o-chre
To spoil the freshmen's furni-ture.

The freshys let them go ahead
And muss their traps—no word they said.

At last the second, black-haired sep
Grabbed at and vowed he'd shave the Jap.

Then grimly rose those freshmen free,
Went for their hazers—one, two, three!

Their mad was up—each sophy gits
The treatment known as "awful fits."

And though they cried, "We sophomores are,"
The freshys shouted, "We don't car'!"

Then bound each prisoner to a chair,
And set about to raise his hair.

In vain the sophs for mercy craved,
All three were clipped—their heads close shaved.

And, bald as eggs, the sophomores three
Cared in and signed an apolo-gee.

Then sneaked away, bareheaded, glum,
Hoping we freshmen would keep mum.

Sing hey, sing ho for freshman wit,
For we have done the best thing yet.

"I guess that will fetch them, won't it, Red?" said Bangs, as he handed this precious effusion to his chum.

"Do you call that doggerel, poetry?" sneered Morrice, glancing down the stanzas. "There and air, o-chre and furniture, gits and fits, and three and apolo-gee are awful examples of rhyme, are they not?"

"They're as good as any of the class odes I have heard!" retorted Bangs. "You don't expect I can grind out high-toned poetry, like Longfellow, do you?"

"No," coolly answered his chum, "I don't; but it seems to me for a junior, who is supposed to be well up in Greek lyric poetry and anthology, this is rather weak stuff."

"Ugh!" grunted the little man. "I'm not going in for poetry, and I hate Greek, anyhow. I came to Harvard because it's the correct thing to do, and not to study musty poetry. I know some of my rhymes are queer, and the metre is shaky, but nowadays that shows genius. If a man writes like other poets he's voted a copyist. My production" —nodding toward the paper—"exhibits the most sublime sarcasm. It's graphic, full of point, and"—gleefully—"will bring this hazing scrape to the ears of the grannies (Faculty). I tell you they must take action in the matter, and the least they can do will be to suspend the Fillamores and that Jap."

"Do you think the old pods (another term for the Faculty) will not see through your device?" drawled Morrice. "They'll know this was written by a junior. A freshman never penned such infernal rubbish as this. There never was but one true poet at Harvard, and he died in his sophomore year, because he found he'd lost his knack in rhyming."

"Go along," grinned Bangs. "You think the grannies are as smart as you are? I tell you they'll drop to this right away. I'll have it printed, and will send a copy to each of them; get an outsider to address the envelopes. You forget those digs have whipped three of your class? If the old guns were

THE CHUMS AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—"IT WAS A COMICAL SIGHT—THREE SOPHS EXHIBITING THEIR BALD PATHS TO A SMILING CLASSMATE, WHO INSPECTED THEM JUST AS A SERGEANT DOES A FILE OF SOLDIERS."—SEE PAGE 406.

Skerry doffed his wig with the air of a martyr.

Cottar said his off, as though thoroughly ashamed of himself and it. Wackrell gave his a jerk, and tore the net in halves.

The doctor, who was an old Harvard man, and fond of a joke, raised his glasses to his eyes, and after gravely surveying the three heads, which were covered with a short, downy growth, murmured:

"Hum! most remarkable cases! Very neatly and scientifically treated. Who operated upon you, gentlemen?—a barber?"

This made Wackrell so savage that he confessed the truth, when his chums were compelled to do the same, though they did not refer to Morrice and Bangs.

"Very well, young gentlemen; you can retire," said the President. "Wait in the next room. Tell the janitor to send Messrs. Orville and Daniel Fillamore and Mr. Yuzo Benkei in."

The crestfallen sophs did as they were ordered, and saw the freshmen file into the council-chamber.

Orv had been posted by Don Mortimer, and advised what to say and do.

"Good-evening, young gentlemen," began the chairman. "Kindly seat yourselves. You, Mr. Orville Fillamore, can, I presume, reply for your brother and friend?"

"Yes, Mr. President," said Orv.

"You have seen this effusion, I presume?" inquired the other, exhibiting the poem. "We know it refers to yourself and companions. Will you please tell us the facts of the case?"

"Yes, Mr. President," respectfully answered the freshman; "we were visited by three disreputable-looking Chinese laundrymen, who threw ink and ochre upon our carpet and furniture, and were proceeding to personally assault our friend, Mr. Benkei, when we resented their attack and secured them. Finding the rascals were armed with revolvers, and carried a bag containing shaving materials, and being afraid if we let them go free they would repeat their visit, we punished them in Chinese fashion by shaving their scalps. Here is their written confession, signed Lum-wang, Lin-how and Sam Pack."

As he ended his speech, Orville handed the document to the professor seated nearest to him, who, after solemnly inspecting it, inquired?"

"Did you know your visitors were sophomores?"

"It was impossible for us to tell them by their voice or costume," quietly replied Orv. "They spoke pigeon English and acted in every way like barbarians, so we naturally took them for Chinese Tartars."

"Then you thought you had caught a Tartar, in such?" said a sour-looking professor, glancing at the group.

"Well, no, sir," was a young man's response; "we believe they ultimately thought that of us."

This made the members of the council smile, the professor who had interrogated the freshman priding himself on his ability as a smart questioner. He was nettled, so he demanded, in a stern voice:

"Did not the sophomores state their names? Come, sir, you'll admit you knew who they were?"

Orville reflected a while, then said:

"One of them asserted his name was Wackrell, and pretended he was a sophomore, but we disbelieved him, not being able to credit that students of this university would be guilty of acts such as were done by our visitors. We took them for Chinotonese of the lowest type. Had we for an instant, credited their statement, we would not have taken the law into our own hands. As it was, acting on the spur of the moment, and not knowing where to find the Proctor or a policeman, we did what we deemed best."

"Which of you performed the tonsorial operation?" inquired the doctor, who could scarcely restrain his merriment.

"I *capped* them, sir," said Orville.

"I *adhered* their heads, sir," put in Dan.

"And I *shaved* them," proudly observed Benkei.

"This trouble all arose on account of my presence in the college."

"I destroyed their pistols," continued Orv, producing a package containing the remains of the weapons. "Had the men not been armed, we would have acted less decisively."

The freshmen were told to retire, while the council consulted with regard to their decision, and when the chums were recalled they found the three sophs in the room.

"Young gentlemen," said the President, addressing Orville, Dan and Benkei, "we have decided to mark our disapprobation of your act by removing you from your present quarters to rooms in Matthew's. These gentlemen, who have been privately admonished, will be permitted to remain in the university. However, before you retire, we desire you to shake hands with one another, and mutually apologize for your acts."

The freshmen were tickled by the result of the affair. They would now be accommodated in one of the best halls, Matthew's being situated on the quadrangle, or "quad," as the collegians termed that part of the yard inclosed by Holworthy, Thayer, University, Weld, Gray's, Matthew's, Hollis and Stoughton Halls.

To do the sophomores justice, they also felt glad to get off so easily, and advancing simultaneously, offered their hands to the three new men.

"I am sorry we attempted to haze you," said Skerry.

"Well, you did not succeed," good-humoredly replied Orville, shaking his head. "It's all right. We'll never do it again."

The soph winced, but passed on to Dan and Ben, who nodded and returned his grasp without adding anything to their chum's remark.

"I regret our foolish act," muttered Cottar, following his leader's example, and beginning with Dan.

"Don't mention it any more," said the latter. "We've forgotten it, and are immensely sorry we shaved you."

The soph colored at this, and the doctor averted his face in order to avoid their noticing his amusement.

"Beg your pardon," grumpily remarked Wackrell, as he shook Benkei's hand. "It was all a mistake."

"There is no reason for a second apology to me," answered the Japanese, bowing politely. "Your hair will soon grow again, and as our poet says, 'The remembrance of your vexation will be like a pain that has passed.'"

When they had all performed the ceremony of formal reconciliation, they bowed to the President and Faculty, and retired.

"Say, Fillamore, did you tell on us?" demanded Skerry, as they descended the stone stairs.

Orv related exactly what he had said, on hearing which the sophs once more shook hands with them and really forgave their conquerors.

The next morning, when Morrice and Bangs received their dismissal, everybody in the college rejoiced.

"Rad," demanded the dwarf, as he read his notification, "did you admit your guilt?"

"Yes," snarled the soph. "I denied it at first, but when I found you had blabbed I told them the truth."

"Look out!" shouted the junior, tearing off his coat, and assuming a pugilistic attitude before his late chum. "You're the meanest man I know. I'm going to whip you."

That afternoon Harvard lost two of its collegians, and as Morrice sneaked off in a hack he muttered:

"I'll come back some day and make it unpleasant for those freshys. My, how my head is swollen! That fellow Bangs has half killed me."

CHAPTER XII.

THE VELOCIPEDE RACE.

As may be imagined, the news of the freshmen's victory quickly spread in the college, and few of the men grudged them their luck in being given Morrice's rooms in Matthew's Hall.

When the chums were settled in their new quarters, Orville wrote to Nellie as follows:

"No. — Matthew's, Harvard College,
"September —, 18—.

"DEAR SISTER—I have neglected writing to you for a few days, as at one time I did not know but that we might all be dismissed for shaving the fellows who tried to haze us; as it is, we got out of the fix splendidly, and our only punishment has been removal from miserable quarters in Grinder's Hall to magnificent rooms in this building.

"Matthew's is what we term here a 'swell place,' and we are the only freshmen in it. Our friend Prince, or Mr. Ando, rooms on our entry, and that handsome senior who has been so kind to us, Don Mortimer, has apartments on the floor below, so it is almost like being at home.

"I read your letter of advice against giving way to temper very carefully. My dear Nellie, we bore with those scrubs as long as we could, and it was only when we found they were armed that we got real downright mad and shaved them. Everybody says the college is well rid of the pair, and you need not fear they will ever seek to harm us. We did not inform on them. If the stupid fellows had not written and published that poem, the matter would have blown over.

"I suppose Mr. Joe Bangs made his story good at home, and some folks in Coopertown will think we are dreadful boys. Never mind; let him talk.

"Ben has a parlor and bedroom next to ours, and we have a parlor and two sleeping-apartments, and the suites are connected by a telephone.

"I offered to take Benkei's room, and let him chum with Dan, though he would not hear of such a thing, and it is probably better he should be alone, as he feels more independent. Of course, he will do as he pleases, and get into some muddles, but will always have us to back him.

"The 'boys' here, as we call one another, are a jolly set, and our little difficulty with the sophs has done us no harm; indeed, has brought us into notice. Although we stick pretty hard to study, we take as much recreation as we can, and have each bought a velocipede, in order to accompany Benkei, who is crazy about these things.

"I tell you, Nellie, his dressing is getting to be a caution. The boys are all immense in the way of cuffs and collars, but he gives them points and beats them easily. If a Japanese has a special weakness, it is dress.

"On Saturday afternoon there is to be a velocipede race from here to a place called Salem. Ben is training for it, and I'll let you know if he wins. His rig is a scarlet-fez, purple and white-striped shirt, yellow trunks, green stockings, and white canvas shoes. His machine is painted vermilion, with every other spoke gilt. Our club is called 'The Spinners,' because we spin along silently. Our motto is 'En avant' (Forward). Dan and I wear quiet costumes, as for the present the members have not decided upon a uniform. The man who wins this race is to be president of the club for the term.

"I do not know it I told you what a whipping little Bangs gave his chum, Radway Morrice, when he discovered that the latter had 'given him away,' as we term telling on any one. We heard the bully actually wept after the junior got through with him.

"Nellie, I know you'll imagine I am getting to be very fast, but indeed I am not. We are all what they call here 'hard diggers'; i. e., we study closely.

"Dan will write Rose to-morrow, and we will send a joint letter to mother on Monday. You need not tell her all about our escapades; not that we want to deceive our good parents, but the old folks cannot enter into the fun as you girls can.

"Ben sends his kindest remembrance to you. By-the-way, he's dead in love with the daughter of Professor ——. The lady is over thirty, and well up in Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Chinese, philosophy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, music, and the fine arts—in fact, a regular blue stocking. Yuzo visits her twice a week, and spends hours in writing Chinese poems in her honor. Tell Sophie Lamount there's no chance for her now. Ben is a good fellow, and dead in earnest.

"Love to all, from Dan, Benkei and your affectionate brother, ORVILLE FILLAMORE."

When Nellie read the foregoing, she wrote:

"I wish you would not use so many strange words. It takes me a long time to get at the meaning of some of your sentences. You forget I have never been to Harvard."

To this the young man replied:

"Can't help writing college slang. We all do it."

About two o'clock on Saturday afternoon the spinners assembled on Kirkland Street, near the Delta. The competitors were of all ranks, seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen, and among the crowd were two teachers and a Proctor, known as "Sweetie."

When the hands of the clock of the First Parish church indicated the hour of two, the temporary president of the club cried:

"Prepare to mount!"

In an instant every rider was by the side of his steel steed.

Then came the word:

"Mount and away!"

Forty-one oddly-dressed young men gave the peculiar, lame duck-like hops affected by riders of velocipedes when mounting their instruments, and as many machines were set in motion, then a cheer broke from the spectators who had assembled to witness the start, and away glided the noiseless racers, Benkei, in his gorgeous attire, leading the crowd, who followed at a right smart pace.

"Bah, 'rah, 'rah!" shouted the men on the Delta, and when the riders were out of sight, those left behind chatted about the prospective result of the contest.

"That Jap sits like a true jockey," remarked one.

"I bet five dollars he beats the lot by as many minutes."

"Done!" cried a junior, "I take you."

"What a thunder-and-lightning rig he has on!" merrily observed a soph.

"Never mind his rig," said a senior, who had watched the men critically; "he balances himself splendidly, and so do those Fillamore boys, his chums. If the others are not careful they'll get shaved by the freshmen, just as Skerry and his friends were. Some of you boating men ought to look after those boys.

"I have my eye on them," quietly answered a muscular junior, the crack oarsman of the college. "If I had eight freshys as promising as the Fillamores, I'd train them and challenge any university crew in the States. You see, those fellows have been on a voyage and have traveled. They are as strong as men."

"And the Jap?" demanded the senior.

"He? Oh, he's as agile as a cat and as flexible as a monkey. He'll be an acquisition to the baseballists."

"I've spotted Mr. Benkei," remarked a tall, powerful senior, the president of the university baseball club. "He says he knows the game and has promised to join. If he handles a ball as he does a velocipede he'll be a hummer."

"Have you seen the way those freshmen's rooms are fitted?" inquired a sophomore of his chum, as the little assembly dispersed in various directions. "I tell you it's elegant. Japanese bowls, cabinets and carved knicknacks, and such Eastlake furniture, though the Jap's sleeping apartment is without any bed; he turns in on the matted floor."

"So I've told," replied the other. "I hear the Fillamores traveled through a part of Japan and had no end of adventures. One thing is certain, they have been the means of abolishing hazing, and will never allow it to be revived, while they are in this college."

"What can three men do against fourteen hundred?" asked his companion.

"A great deal," was the response. "When three resolute people unite for a certain aim they can accomplish big things; besides, you forget that out of the larger number you have quoted, only a few, like yourself, approve of hazing."

MINNIE'S RESCUE FROM THE WILDS OF BIBERIA.—"JUST THEN OVER WENT THE BOAT. WILL HAD THROWN AN ARM ABOUT MINNIE'S WAIST, AND HE HELD ON TO HER, WHILE WITH THE OTHER HAND HE MADE A CLUTCH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT."—SEE PAGE 404.

"I don't like to see freshmen as cheeky as those fellows," growled the other. "When I came to Harvard, I had to stand aside for every sophomore and senior. These Filamores seem to think they are as good as the best of us."

"This is a free country," laughingly answered his chum. "I like the new men, and shall be pleased to make their acquaintance. Between you and me, it's about time the caste business was knocked on the head. It's perfectly scandalous that a man should be treated like a dog because he's a freshman. These boys have inaugurated a new state of things, and, after this, when fellows like you take it into their heads to discipline green students, the latter will remember 'The Best Thing Yet,' and go for your scalps."

"I think it was like their cheek to write and circulate such a poem about their superiors," somewhat warmly remarked the advocate of hazing, as the pair crossed to the yard and sauntered toward Thayer Hall."

"They did not write it," said his friend. "I saw little Bangs, on the night the Faculty met, as he left University Hall. He owned to the authorship of the thing. As to superiors, if it comes to that, the juniors and seniors ought to wipe their boots upon us."

"I'd like to see them try it on," muttered his chum.

"Well, looking at it from your point of view, I'm glad those fellows got what they did. Have you seen their new wigs?"

"No," laughingly answered his friend. "What do you say—shall we go down to the boat-house and take a paddle?"

"Yes, if you like," was the rejoinder, and away they went.

The "Spinners" made excellent time, and, for the first hour, kept well together.

As they noiselessly flashed past the residences, on their route, the country people rose from their seats and ran to the doors, crying:

"I want taw know! Dew tell. Look now!"

"We're stirring them up!" shouted Orville to Dan, as they rode side by side. "I tell you, color hits them—they take us for a circus-party."

"Send me for the show," cried Benkei, who had never given up the lead, and was just ahead of them. "Come, boys, let's spurt."

This was responded to by nearly all of the crowd, and the riders gradually tailed out.

About half past three they entered the ancient city of Salem, Benkei first, several lengths ahead, the brothers next, and with them seven others of the club.

The chums had never been in the place before, and were unaware of its death-trap—the space between the entrance of the Eastern Railway tunnel and the depot.

This is only a distance of a few feet, yet there are no gates there. It is in the centre of the business part of the city, and the inhabitants, who all know its danger, keep a sharp lookout on the flagmen, and seldom come to grief. When Benkei approached the fatal spot the flagman, who was, of course, standing with his back to him, signaled "An engine coming through the tunnel."

Ben was working up his machine to get in ahead of his chums, and not understanding the warning, noiselessly arrived on the track at the same instant that the engine emerged from the tunnel.

The brothers only learned the awful danger after it was too late to prevent what followed.

There was a roar of escaping steam, a grinding of brakes, and a cry of horror heard high above the noise of machinery, their Ben's velocipede was ground, toss and twisted under the iron wheels, and the poor fellow tossed high into the air and landed head downward on the granite stones.

That evening the Boston papers contained a short notice, as under:

"SALEM, 3:30 P. M.

"A terrible accident occurred on the Eastern Railroad-crossing, in the narrow space between the mouth of the tunnel and the entrance to the depot. A party of Harvard students, mounted upon velocipedes, reached the place as the 3:20 up-train emerged from the tunnel; one young man, a Japanese, was killed outright, and two others, Americans, fatally injured."

THE TURNER CADETS.—WILLIAM HARTFIELD.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"FORTUNATELY, AT THIS EMBARRASSING MOMENT, LONG JIM SHAFTO APPEARED ON THE CREST OF THE HILL. HE HAD BROUGHT IN HIS GAME, AND WAS OUT LOOKING FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS."

On reading the above Don Mortimer said to a group of friends collected in his room:

"Poor fellows! The Japanese is Yuzo Benkei, and the Americans are Orville and Dan Fillamore. Well, well, I am sorry!"

(To be continued.)

"Three Chums at Harvard College" was commenced in No. 667.

THE TURNER CADETS.

WILLIAM HARTFIELD—AUGUST BRAUN.

ONE of the largest and most interesting of the many German organizations in this country is that of the Turners. It was founded in Germany in the year 1816, at a time when that country was under the powerful sway of Napoleon. The idea to which it owes its birth was conceived by Jahn, who organized a club or society of young men, whom he trained in gymnastic exercises, and whom he also endeavored to imbue with strong patriotic sentiments.

The Turnverein, as it was called, became a success, and soon possessed branches in every town and village throughout Germany. When the war against France was renewed in 1813, the Turners formed a powerful element in the German armies, and contributed much little to the result by which the invader was driven from their country.

When all danger was over, however, the Prussian Government feared the strength it had been before so glad to use, and the society was suppressed, Jahn himself being imprisoned.

The system he had established possessed too many useful features to be permitted to die. The advantage of a regularly organized plan of gymnastic exercises in improving the physical powers had been too plainly seen to be neglected, and organizations similar to the one founded by Jahn were started in many of the countries of Europe.

In 1848 the Turnverein was again established in Germany, and its members, who had always been prominent in their defense of freedom, were foremost in the struggles of that year. They were defeated, however, and their leaders driven into exile. Many of them, attracted by the promise of liberty this country held out to them, came here, and formed the advance guard of that large emigration from which we have derived so many benefits.

With them they brought the Turnverein. The first society was established in New York, but others were soon founded in the different centres of population, until now there is scarcely a city or town of any importance throughout the Union in which the name of the Turners is not familiar.

Their main idea is that of cultivating and preserving the bodily vigor by judicious gymnastic exercises. Their first care is to procure a gymnasium, well supplied with the various apparatus necessary for developing and strengthening the different muscles. The beneficial effect of these gymnasiums may be witnessed at the annual festivities of the Turners, when they compete for prizes in the many exercises of strength and agility, swimming, military manœuvres, rifle-shooting, sword-exercises, etc.

They do not confine themselves, however, to mere bodily exercise. They also endeavor to strengthen the powers of the mind, and thus secure that for which every man and woman should strive—a sound mind in a sound body. Wherever the Turners have established a society there also they have collected a library, and made arrangements for the diffusion of knowledge and mental culture.

Prominent also in their organization is their cultivation of music, both instrumental and vocal, an art for which all Germans entertain such love.

Naturally, it suggested itself that the best means of obtaining well-developed men and women was by commencing the system of training as soon as the children were capable of receiving instruction. For this purpose schools were organized and placed under the control of able instructors. There are many of these schools, but the largest and best equipped is that of the New York Turnverein.

The society possesses a large and handsome building, fitted up with everything necessary for its purpose, and in this building the school is situated. The purpose is not to supply the place of the public or other schools which its pupils may attend, but to supplement them by giving instruction in branches neglected or imperfectly taught there, and also to continue the work of education when school-days are left behind, and the former students have become workers in the busy hive of the world. For this reason the school is open only in the evening from four o'clock until nine, and the classes are arranged so that those who are engaged in business during the whole day may attend at the hour that suits them best.

The number of pupils is over seven hundred, of whom about one hundred and twenty are girls. In addition to the branches ordinarily taught in the common schools, instruction is given in German, drawing, music and gymnastics. A large and well-appointed gymnasium, under the charge of competent instructors, gives every facility for the proper training of the young bodies. In these gymnastic exercises the girls take their full share, and must derive incalculable benefit from them.

A prominent feature of the school is the Turner Cadet Corps, to which all the boys of the school from the age of eleven years to eighteen are eligible. It now numbers about ninety cadets, and under the careful training of Mr. H. Brunecke and his assistant, Mr. E. Burkhard, has attained a degree of skill and accuracy in its drill that many regularly organized military companies might envy.

The uniform is a neat dark-blue, with light-blue facings and military caps. The cadets are of the latest pattern minute-loaders made for the United States Army, cut down to a size readily handled by the boys. The drill takes place every Friday evening and lasts for two hours, from seven until nine. That the boys take both pride and pleasure in their military exercises can be seen at a glance. The ease and accuracy with which they execute the various evolutions give evidence of the proficiency they have attained, and the high state of discipline they have attained.

On last decoration day they took part in the grand parade through the streets of New York, and their soldierly appearance and steady marching was the signal along the whole line of march for repeated outbursts of applause.

Each year the Cadet Corps enjoys a field-day, on which they are made acquainted with the duties of a soldier on active march. A place is selected within marching distance of the city, and arrangements made for camping out. In obedience to orders the cadets assemble in their drill-room in the evening in full marching order. They set out and usually march until about three o'clock in the morning, when they reach camp and pitch their tents, where they remain under strict military rule during the next day, and return to their homes in the evening. It is needless to say that all the boys look eagerly forward to their "field-day."

The portraits we present this week are those of the two captains of the Cadet Corps, William Hartfield and August Braun.

William Hartfield is a bright, soldierly-looking lad, sixteen years of age. He is a son of Philip and Annie Hartfield, and was born in this city, October 29th, 1862. He has won distinction as a scholar in the public schools, and has also ranked well in the Turnverein School, where he has been a pupil during the last nine years. During the past five years he has been a member of the Cadet Corps, where his soldierly qualities have raised him successively to the ranks of corporal, sergeant, orderly, second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and captain of his company, Company B.

August Braun, Captain of Company A, was born in New York City, November 17th, 1861, and is now seventeen years of age. He is the son of August and Dora Braun. He also has been educated in the public schools of this city, and has also been a pupil in the school of the Turnverein. The beneficial effects of the gymnastic and military training he has received are readily seen in the splendid physique he possesses. Like his brother-captain, William Hartfield, he has been promoted through the successive grades until he has reached his present rank. This he will soon be compelled to resign, however, as the cadets, on reaching their eighteenth year, pass into the senior organization, and become full-fledged Turners.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE.

LITTLE JOHN GREEN, of Louisville, Ky., having heard how, once upon a time, Benjamin Franklin experimented with a kite, resolved to do something in that line himself. His idea was to test the relative strength of his kite and his pet pigeon, with the design of having some grand invention upon the result. So he took kite and pigeon and wended his way to the nearest common one afternoon. He ran the kite up to the limit of his two hundred yards of cord, the wind blowing a stiff breeze from the northeast the while. Then taking the pigeon from its basket he tied the bird by the leg to the end of the kite-string, which he had held in his hand. The pigeon, seeing half free, flew toward home, which was directly against the wind. The resistance of the kite caused his flight to tend upward, and, in turn, the efforts of his wings caused the kite to sail higher in the air. For a while the bird seemed to have the best of the struggle, making slow progress for at least a square, but, in spite of all efforts to take a direct course, flying higher and higher. After the bird had reached an altitude of perhaps four hundred feet, the kite being about one hundred feet higher still, it was plain that the latter had greatly the advantage. It was flesh, blood and feathers against the unliving winds. Unable to continue the strain the pigeon changed his course to one side, thus slackening the strain and causing the kite to tail, slanting from side to side in a helpless sort of way. But feeling free again, the pigeon once more made a break for home, when, the string being pulled taut, the kite, with a spring, glancing in the sun a thing of life, rose rapidly and gracefully to its former level. Soon both bird and kite became mere specks, and at last vanishing in the southwestern sky left John to weep over his unexpected loss. Next morning, when the little fellow went to look in his empty cote, there stood the pigeon, proudly with its head in pride. It had broken from the kite, a piece of the string still hanging to its leg.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XIX.

FRIENDS—ALL IN CAMP—THE PARTY OF SURVEY.

THE finger of Dick Harrod was pressing the trigger of his rifle when some one caught his arm.

"What are you going to do?"

It was Ines Melville who had risen noiselessly to her feet and grasped his arm just in time to disconcert his aim.

"I am going to shoot that Comanche out there," replied Dick, in an excited whisper.

"That is not an Indian; it is a white man! Where are your eyes?"

"Good heavens!" gasped the horrified Dick, "how near I came to committing a fatal mistake! Where were my eyes, indeed?"

He lowered his piece, still agitated at the reflection of the narrow chance by which he was saved from doing a thing which would have caused him sorrow all his life.

But the thought struck him that this might be an enemy, after all.

The quickest way was to hail him.

"Hello, there! Who are you and what do you want?" called out Dick, in a tone which brought the stranger to a halt.

"I'm knowed through Texas as Long Jim, and my full handle is Long Jim Shafto, and I'm out for Colonel Joseph Melville, looking for a party of the biggest fools that ever broke loose. One of 'em is his darter Ines; that ain't a fool, 'cause I knowed her

THE TURNER CADETS.—AUGUST BRAUN.

when she was a little chick; another is another gal, whose name I've forgot, and another is a jackass they call Corakcrew, or Cormick, or something else like that; but the biggest jackass of 'em all is a chap from Austin that goes by the name of Hard Tack or Hard Head, or Harrod, or something like that. That's the rooster I'm looking for, for he is the hairpin that coaxed them gals to go off on a wildcat bis'ness, and I've got an 'gagement to punch his head if I ever meet him."

This long speech was pointed enough to prevent any mistake as to the identity of the backwoodsman.

Dick Harrod had never met the famous scout, but he had heard a great deal about him from Inez. Consequently, when he pronounced his own name, he recognized him on the instant without the supplemental remark which bore some personal application to the young man himself.

Inez, of course, knew him when he opened his mouth, and he had scarcely time to finish his words when she rushed out of the cavern and threw her arms about the old fellow's neck and kissed him as if he were her own father.

"Oh, Jim, I am so glad to see you! and where is father, and where is Ned, and how are they all, and how have they been, and were father and Ned worried about me, and glad they killed Dick? If they did they were wrong, for it wasn't his fault; for we girls were determined to go, and they went along, and if it hadn't been for Dick I would have been killed by the Comanches or Apaches a dozen of times——"

The maiden in her excitement and joy, was going along regardless of sense or syntax, when she was checked by the appearance of a second form alongside the breathless scout.

"Inez, my darling child."

And then with a scream of delight she leaped like a bird into the arms of her father, who pressed her to his heart and kissed the cheeks which had not felt the pure contact of a parent's lips for months past.

Inez tried to talk, but she was so wild and so happy that she could not get her words in shape, and as her father had caught all that she said to the scout, the explanation she proposed was not necessary.

When the girl was beginning to recover her self-command, it was all upset by the appearance of a tall, manly fellow, who had but to speak as he rushed forward for her to see that it was her only brother, Ned.

Brother and sister were deeply attached to each other, and the meeting was of the tenderest character.

Finally, the excess of joy passed off, and Inez looked around her as she noticed several other forms standing near, the most of whom she failed to recognize, as they were placed so that their faces were in shadow. There was one, however, whose individuality she suspected.

"Is that you, Pomp?"

"Wal, I war 'ginning to think dat it must be dat it wa'n't me but som'body else, being as how Miss Inez didn't seem to know me."

And the delighted African doffed his hat and bowed low and grinned tremendously.

The young lady extended her hand and shook his warmly, for he was greatly attached to his young mistress.

She looked narrowly at Mickey O'Rooney. She had seen him some years before, when she was in this section of the world, but it was only for an instant, and her recollection was indistinct.

The Irishman, divining the look of inquiry, stepped forward and offered his hand.

"It's meself, Mickey O'Rooney, and he is the gintleman that is glad to meet ye, as all the gals used to say when they observed me roll my eye toward them at the fair of Tipperary."

Such fellow was sure to make himself popular everywhere, and Inez was in the mood to laugh and enjoy his drollery.

The last man was Elijah Snooks, who was considerate enough to remain in the background until all these greetings were through.

He then came forward and was presented to the young lady, to whom he addressed a few well-chosen words.

When all was finished, Dick Harrod was introduced, and it took but a few minutes for him to make the acquaintances of all the party.

The young man expected to hear some pretty sharp words from Colonel Melville, on account of the part he had borne in persuading his daughter to this expedition, for it will be remembered that he took a great deal of blame to himself for it all.

He could not acquit himself on the plea that he had attempted to dissuade the young ladies, for if he and McCormick had refused to accompany them they surely would not have gone.

This was the light in which the subject was presented to Dick, but not an angry syllable was heard by him from the lips of the one of the young lady who had long since stolen his heart.

Inez had little difficulty in persuading her parent that her escort, instead of being blamable, was entitled to thanks for the bravery and good sense he had displayed in many perilous situations.

Accordingly, the colonel stepped forward and returned his acknowledgments for the service done his daughter.

Of course there were inquiries of McCormick and Piora Chandler, and it was explained how, or rather the fact was made known, that they had been rescued, which was about all Inez and her friend knew.

When Long Jim learned that the rescue took place so near Anka-Yata he understood how it came about.

He had been up in that section himself, and had seen signs that a company of government cavalry had been through that part, so there was no doubt in his mind that was the means by which the couple escaped the horrible fate for which they were intended.

All this being made clear, there remained the natural curiosity as to how it was that the whites had come up to where Jim and Dick were defending themselves against the Comanches.

The rescue was due mainly to the skill of Long Jim, the scout.

It will be recalled that Colonel Melville was greatly concerned for the safety of his daughter, when he learned from the messenger that she had started, or was about to start, in the attempt to make her way to his ranch.

As hastily as possible he gathered what force he could together, and started forth to meet her.

It was expected, very naturally, that in making the attempt referred to her escort knew the road to the ranch, at least.

This led the colonel and his friends to take the regular trail, when they finally got together, and the start was fairly made to guard her from the peril which hung over her.

Had he known that the young man did not know the way, even, his anger would have been such that it would have taken many pleadings from Inez to prevent a pretty vigorous reproof to the young man.

He learned it, of course, when he was told that the other couple were rescued in the vicinity of the death-valley, but over hours had taken the edge of his anger off, and he concluded it was not worth his while to fire up again.

While making their journey over the trail in the direction of the Colorado, therefore, the entire party were on the alert for signs of the coming excursionists.

The further they proceeded, too, the more searching was their scrutiny for these signs.

The members of the little company separated, as the better to cover the ground, and when it is remembered that Long Jim and Mickey O'Rooney formed a portion of them, to say nothing of Dick and his friend, it will be admitted that there was little probability of their missing or going by those for whom they were hunting.

When on the afternoon of the preceding day the hand found themselves in this neighborhood without having found a sign of the whites, they were all convinced that they were yet in their front.

The episode of Dick and the Texans delayed and interfered with them somewhat, but proved to be the turning-point of advantage in their favor.

Though Dick and Inez had no suspicion that such was the fact, yet the Texans who pressed so hard after the thieving Comanches descried the young man and woman sitting on their steeds at the base of the hills, and watching them as they went by.

The Texans were too bent on catching up with and chastising the marauders to stop to make any inquiries, but the figure of the young lady, whom they discovered through their glasses, was of that character that they could not forget it.

After they had "bounced" the Comanches, so far as it could be done, the Texans started on their return.

They were thus engaged when they encountered Long Jim and his companions, who inquired of them whether they had discovered any white persons.

The fact that a young man and woman had been observed a short distance away was accepted as proof that the colonel had reached a point where he might confidently look for his daughter.

With this assurance they pressed forward, although night was descending upon the prairie at the time, and there was the danger they would pass the place during the darkness.

Long Jim, however, was familiar with the spot, and he was sure he could go to it, even though there was not a moon or star in the sky.

The former did not rise until late, and they went along at a slow pace, their intention being to go faster when the light should come.

It is probable that the whites might have halted for the night before reaching the place where they expected to find the colonel's daughter, but for the discovery that was made by the scout, who had the direction of the company.

Everything was going on well, and there was scarcely a hair but what in the morning, at least, they would meet the endangered young folks, when about the time the moon appeared above the horizon Long Jim found that they were on the trail of a small party of Comanches proceeding toward the very point that was his own destination.

This was rightly regarded as an accident, as there was no way by which the Indians could have known, coming from the direction they did, that the whites were in the place mentioned.

The Comanches that kept Dick and Inez besieged for the most of the night were "friends" of those who were engaged in the sheep speculation, and "lost" very heavily as a consequence, but they were not aided by the force.

The supposition of Dick, therefore, was correct.

The scout pressed forward with greater haste, now that he had the bright moonlight to help him in keeping the general direction.

At intervals he stooped and examined the ground, and in every case he found what he did not wish to find—the trail of the Comanche horsemen, showing that from some cause or other they were proceeding over precisely the same route with themselves.

Long Jim conjectured that they were at no great distance ahead, but his fear was that, becoming aware of the fact that there was a company of comparatively helpless fugitives so near them, they would make the attempt to capture or kill them.

The dread was greatly intensified some time before they had the moonlight for their help by the faint sound of one or two guns.

They pressed forward with all haste, and were not long in finding the whites were in a dangerous situation, for the redskins had forced them into the cavern, from which there seemed scarcely a single chance of their escape.

They were holding the Comanches at bay, it is true, but at the same time the savages were holding the whites as well, with the prospect of doing so until they must succumb.

Long Jim at once set about laying his plans for raising the siege.

This could have been done by a rushing attack upon the redskins, but that was not the plan which such men generally pursue.

In fighting Indians they preferred to adopt Indian tactics.

Accordingly, they separated and gradually closed in upon the warriors, with the intention of cutting them off entirely.

But the Comanches were scarcely less skillful than they, and they discovered the little game before it could be brought to a head.

The only resource was that when Long Jim and his party were ready to make the attack, they found no one to attack.

The savages had quietly withdrawn and left them in the lurch.

In setting off they were so endangered that they were forced to lead their mustangs quite a distance before they dare mount them.

To the great delight of Dick Harrod and Inez Melville, it was reported to them that the Comanches had an opportunity to take any steeds besides their own, the others being found in very nearly the spot in which they had been left by their owners.

All the friends were together again, and it would seem that there was nothing more to ask.

As the present was not as good a situation as could be found, the company decided to go into camp until morning.

There were so many now that they could afford to feel quite safe against any attacks from the Apaches or Comanches.

There were seven men including the boy Ned, who was entitled to high rank from his age and experience in the Indian country.

When it is borne in mind, too, that the larger part of these were the best kind of frontiersmen, it may be believed that any party of redskins would hesitate about making an assault upon them.

Snooks and Pomp were placed on guard, and the rest of the whites lay down to sleep.

But there were a number who, it is scarcely necessary to say, did not close their eyes that night.

There were only a few hours left, and Inez and her father and brother were too much rejoiced over the meeting, after so many perils, to feel calm enough to seek into slumber.

They sat by the low fire, which the lad occasionally replenished, talking over the past and laying their plans for the future.

The parent was inclined to leave the Indian country and take up his residence in a civilized region, where he would be free from these annoyances and dangers.

Inez was desirous, however, of seeing more of this wild State, in which she was sure she could spend a year with the greatest enjoyment.

The brother was of the same opinion, too, and united his persuasions with those of his sister.

It is not probable that the colonel would have consented, had he not felt that it was likely to prove of inestimable benefit to the girl, who had spent the past few years in the hardest kind of study.

He believed that the free, outdoor life would give her a basis of rugged health, such as would benefit her all through her life.

It seemed to him, too, that there was little to fear from the Indians, who were worsted so severely in the attack upon the ranch.

This attack, it will be remembered, was the most formidable that it was possible for a body of redskins to make, and indeed much more formidable than was probable would ever be seen again.

It was safe, therefore, according to all human reasoning, for the colonel to look upon himself as master of the situation, so far as the enmity of the redskins of all tribes in the country was concerned.

The conclusion to which the little party came, after the fullest talk over the matter, was to go on to Melville Ranch, where they would spend a year or so, and then abandon the savage life and take up their abode among civilized beings again.

Colonel Melville, like a true parent, appreciated the fact that the time had come when he should live less for himself and more for his children.

By the time they were through with all they had to say the night was ended and the light of the rising sun was stealing over the prairie.

There was no immediate haste, although Long Jim was up at an early hour, and off in quest of game for the breakfast, yet the others lounged about like persons who had little to do, and an abundance of time in which to do it.

Mickey O'Rooney, Ned Melville and Inez made their way to the highest hill near them for the purpose of taking a survey of the prairie, to learn whether there were any signs of Indians.

The Irishman was in the best of spirits, for he could not but share in the joy and thankfulness which pervaded the hearts of the safe return to their custody of the beautiful daughter, to whom Colonel Melville was bound by the strongest affection.

"Do ye mind and not walk too fast in shtriving for the top of the hill," admonished Mickey, fearing that the brother and sister were exhausting themselves in trying to reach the highest point.

"Where is the harm of walking fast if we can stand it?" asked Ned, with something of his old assurance.

Mickey looked at him with a horrified air.

"Is it possible that ye know not the awful peril of doing the same, when I've been shtriving so long to teach ye? Have you forgot the occasion when a friend of mine started to go to the top of one of the Rocky Mountains, and beginning with a little spot, got to going faster and faster, till with he reached the peak he couldn't shut off steam and kept on going? Do you hear that? He kept on going."

"And what harm came of that?"

"And ye ask what harm came of that, when I tell ye there was a precipice on t'other side that was four miles and a quarter high by actual measurement. Now, will ye ax the question, and persevere in your fast walking after me warning ye of the fatal consequences that may be waiting ye on the hill-top?"

Brother and sister slowed their gait on the instant.

Mickey knows a great deal about the country, Inez, though he does tell such yarns as that now and then. You know what a time he and I had a couple of years ago when we got in that 'cave of the mountain.' I wrote you all the particulars of that, I believe."

"Yes, and I thought that you had seen so much of Texas that you would be ready to bid it good-by and come and settle in Louisiana, where life has some charms."

"Well, I thought so myself when I was down in that awful hole under the ground; but when we got back again all safe, there was a sort of feeling which came over us both that we would like to see a little more before we turned our backs on the place for ever."

"Which is the way the Tipperary gals used to say when I honored them with a kiss, though they niver turned their backs on me nor me on thim."

"Then father wrote me the particulars of the siege which the ranch underwent a year ago from Lone Wolf, and that was a very rough kind of treatment, though I couldn't help thinking father was making it read as rough as he could, so as to scare me from wanting to come out here so bad."

"He couldn't make it any worse than it was when the Apaches trotted out that Spanish field-piece, and went to banging against the adobe wall of the ranch. We all thought the jig was up then, and so it would have been if it wasn't for Jim and Mickey, here."

"And Lone Wolf had you in his power, hadn't he?"

"I rather think he did; I don't want to run such a narrow chance again, for I don't believe I could."

"It seems a shame that somebody can't get hold of that chief, who never lets the peoples rest, and put him where he can't hurt anybody."

"He'll get there soon—you can be sure of that."

"I wonder where he is now?"

"He isn't far off, for some of our folks had a row with him a little while ago."

"If you'll elevate that glass that ye have in your party hand, and p'int the same toward the east, I'm thinking that ye'll see the spalpeen of a Lone Wolf this very minute!"

CHAPTER XX.

LONE WOLF—A MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL—A TERRIBLE SCARE.

WHEN Mickey O'Rooney, the Irishman, told Ned and Inez Melville that by turning their field-glasses—each carried one—toward the east, they would catch sight of the famous Lone Wolf, they thought he was jesting, as he was so inclined to do.

But there is every reason to believe he spoke the truth.

The high hills to the top of which the three had made their way were found to be comparatively narrow, so that, when one reached the highest point, he commanded an extensive view east as well as west.

While the brother and sister were laughing and talking, the Hibernian was making a careful survey of the country on all sides, he having acquired that habit from his now long experience as a scout.

To the east were three horsemen, drawn up on a small hill of the prairie, no more than a quarter of a mile away.

Two were side by side, while the third was a few feet in advance, so that he was brought out in distinct relief.

It was this warrior which Mickey believed to be Lone Wolf, the great war-chief of the Apaches.

As may well be supposed, the children pointed their glasses toward the group the instant the Irishman made the announcement, and Ned, who was no well acquainted with the Indian that he could not be mistaken, instantly exclaimed:

"That's the devil, sure enough! I know him! That's the dev——"

"Why, Ned," interrupted the shocked sister, "what do you mean by speaking that way? I am astonished."

"And so am I," said Mickey, in a sad voice; "more than that, I'm grieved to the heart to hear ye use such impolite language in the presence of a young lady. Ye know that when ye were under me instruction, I struggled and wrastled wid ye in me efforts to taich ye that you should be gintaal at all times. It's devilish queer that a spalpeen of your size can't remember whin there be ladies present; but," added Mickey, conscious that somebody else had made a slip of the tongue, "the discussion is interesting, but ye are forgitting all about Mister Lone Wolf, who seams to be squinting at us wid as much interest as we have been squinting at him."

The glasses were again pointed in the direction of the three horsemen, and Ned was so certain as to the identity of the Apache leader, that it may be considered settled the whites were looking upon the famous chief.

Ned asserted that he could recognize the well-known scars left by the smallpox on that ugly countenance, and which at one time came so very near removing this scourge of the Southwest from the scene of his labors.

The natural question was as to why he was in this part of the world, and what so interested him as to cause him to study the group on the hill.

"Answering your question on general principles, which is the way that an Irishman always hits the head of a nail, ye may say that he is brought in this part of the world by the desire for some devil—that is, he ain't come here to engage in charity. He wants to bury the hatchet—in the head of the first white man or woman that gives him the chance."

This seemed very probable, but the brother and sister felt no fear at all of the dreaded chief when they had so many and powerful friends to back them up.

While Lone Wolf, therefore, stared at them, they in turn stared at him and his companions.

And once when Inez could not see what he was doing, Ned placed his thumb to his nose and twiddled his fingers at him.

The distance was such that it was scarcely possible that Lone Wolf saw the tantalizing gesture; but Ned thought he felt better himself for this expression of his views of the savage whom he had come to regard as the very synonym of all that was vile and treacherous in the Indian nature.

The gestures of the Apaches showed that they were holding an earnest conference over something or other.

What it was, of course, the whites could not know, nor, in fact, did they care.

They were in that condition that they felt warranted in feeling some independence on the question.

But Mickey had taken the glass which Inez placed at his disposal, and it required but a few minutes for him to make a couple of interesting discoveries.

One of these was the smoke of a camp-fire several miles away in a direct line with the group of Indians whom they had been studying for the past few minutes.

A cannon-shot fired at Lone Wolf would ricochet and reach the base of the column of smoke in the sky.

This vapor no doubt marked the spot where the main or war party of Apaches were encamped, while their great leader had ridden out on a little surveying excursion.

The other discovery made by the Irishman was that one of the three Indians had adopt his style of speaking—was not an Indian at all, but a white man.

Calling the attention of his companions to him, he said:

"I mean to observe that he is a white man be birth, but he is a worse lujin he nature than Lone Wolf, because he's a big coward and won't fight half so hard as the Apache, while he's as anxious to do his own race all the harm he can."

"He must be that man that Snooks has been talking about. Jim knows him, too, though I never had the chance to speak to him. His name, I believe, is Jake Hart, isn't it?"

That's the spalpeen, is the same. He was such a great villain that they bounced him out of New Orleans, and he got away just in time to save himself from being lynched. I don't s'pose, Inez, that ye ever indoolged in the luxury of putting eyes on the same gintleman in New Orleans, did ye?"

"I never heard his name before; but there is one man in our company," added the girl, in a lower voice, "which I have met in a very different place from this."

"Who's that?" asked Ned and Mickey, in the same breath.

"The man you call Elijah Snooks, which isn't his name at all."

"Where have you seen him before?" asked Ned, while the Irishman was no less interested in her reply.

"In New Orleans; he once came to our school, and staid half an hour talking with the preceptress. The week after I met him on the street, and he looked so sharply at me that I could never forget that face if I should meet him forty years from now."

"How is it that you know his name is not Snooks?"

"Now, if Piora Chandler was here she could tell you all about him, for she was well acquainted with him. She told me his name, but I couldn't think of it if my life was at stake."

"What business is he engaged in?"

"I never was enough concerned to ask her, and

I don't suppose I would have thought of him again if I had not met him last night."

"Father seemed to think a great deal of him, and Pomp has hinted two or three times that he knew some awful secret about him, but nobody pays any attention to Pomp, for there is no dependence to be placed on what he says."

"Oh! Don't think he is a bad man, or that he will try and hurt any of us, but there is some mystery about him which isn't helped any by finding him in this part of the world."

"Ye's are right about the same," said Mickey; "there is nobody in our crowd that can tell much about him. When the rist of us observed him, he was in the company of Pomp, who made as if he knowed a great deal, while he didn't know anything at all."

"I think father has met him before," said Ned; "for when they came together and Snooks offered his hand, and told what his name was, there was something said in a low voice which nobody else heard. Since then, too, they have done a great deal of talking together; they have made some plans which nobody else knows anything about."

"Nor have they the right to know," responded Ines, "if father does not wish it. Why need we care anything about him, if father is satisfied?"

"The young lady is correct," said Mickey, approvingly; "that's the kind of talk that I like to hear when such a subject is under discussion. There is no telling what big secrets there may be strewn the two men. Who knows but the chap is in love wid some young lady that doesn't reciprocate his tender sintiments, and he has come out here to pine away in mourning for the same?"

The conclusion reached was a sensible one, to the effect that although there was a mystery about the man who went under the name of Elijah Snooks, yet it was not the province of any of the rest to allow their curiosity to show itself.

While this little side-discussion was under way, the three had lost sight of Lone Wolf and his companions.

But upon turning their gaze in that direction, the whites saw them standing in the same position as before, their interest apparently as great as at first.

"If ye will leave me the loan of this glass of your own," said Mickey, "for a few minutes, I would like the pliasure of taking a little survey of that party—that is, from a different p'int, the same as the young ladies used to study me while they saw me dressed up in me Sunday suit."

Precisely how this was to be done did not appear until the Irishman explained.

The slope of the hills extended away several hundred yards to the east and west, before reaching the level of the prairie.

He could, therefore, make his way down the eastern slope and approach that much closer to the group, and still fail to go near enough for Lone Wolf or either of his companions to make any one of their mustangs in an attempt to circumvent the daring scout.

In case they should dismount and the situation should prove dangerous, Mickey was confident he could get back to camp ahead of them, or at least, so far away from the Apaches that they would not risk a pursuit.

While he was thus engaged, the brother and sister, naturally enough, remained on the crest of the hill to watch his actions.

What he did was also equally plain to the Indians and their companion, Jake Harf.

The way down the slope was as rugged and rough as it could be, Mickey finding it more difficult than he anticipated.

There were a large number of rocks around which he was compelled to pick his path, and he was often out of sight of the whites as well as of the redskins.

The latter did not shift their position, but their motionless forms showed that they had ceased their talking and were watching the approach of the scout, no doubt wondering what his real purpose was.

"If they should start after him," said Ines, "I think he would have hard work to get back here in time, for if it takes him so long to go down, it will require much longer for him to come up."

"He is going more cautiously than swiftly, and is picking his way," replied Ned. "If they should make a start for him, he would do a great deal better traveling than that."

"Will he approach nigh enough to fire at them?"

"No; the distance is too great for him to try it. He has some idea that Lone Wolf has a scheme afoot, and he can learn something of it by getting closer to him, though I don't see how it is going to help him at all. It may be that——"

"Where is he?" broke in Ines, with a startled manner. "I haven't seen him for a long time."

"He is creeping along down there somewhere. I guess he is trying to work along without their seeing anything more of him."

"But he can't do that except some of us catch sight of him, and he has been out of view twice as long as before."

It struck the brother as strange that they could discover naught of the Irishman, though he felt nothing like alarm on that account.

He had been with Mickey O'Rooney enough to understand the fellow pretty well, and his confidence in his skill was scarcely less than in that of Long Jim Shafto.

His theory was that the man had secured some good point of observation, and was using it to spy out Lone Wolf and his comrades.

In this as it may, it soon became apparent that the actions of the Irishman had awakened the suspicions of the chieftain, who suddenly wheeled his mustang about, and, followed by the other two, rode at a gallop in the direction of his own camp-fire.

"There! that ends Mickey's observations, and we may look for him back in a few minutes."

But the few minutes came and went, and still the missing Irishman failed to show himself.

"That's more than I can understand," said Ned, peering down the slope in the vain attempt to catch sight of him; "so long as Lone Wolf and the others staid there, I can see how it would be apt to keep Mickey on the watch; but there is nothing now."

"Maybe something has happened to him?" suggested Ines, more alarmed than ever.

"What could happen to a man like him on such a little trip as that? He has found something else to take his attention."

"Ah! there he comes!" exclaimed Ines, as their missing friend appeared, making his way up the slope.

All this is scarcely worth the mentioning, but for what followed.

When Mickey O'Rooney came nigher, it was apparent that he had met with some adventure which affected him more than a hand-to-hand encounter with Lone Wolf could have done.

His hair was disheveled, his face as pale as death, and he struggled upward, as if carrying a weight of hundreds of pounds on his shoulders.

The young folks could not imagine what it all meant.

It must have been something unusual to flutter such a man as that remarkable fashion.

There was that, too, in his appearance which forbade any trifling questions from his friends.

They held their peace, therefore, as he struggled upward among them like a drunken man.

When he arrived at the narrow level, where they were awaiting his coming, he gave expression to a groan as of mortal agony and dropped to the ground, like one dead.

Ned and Ines were alarmed, and knew not what to do.

"Let us call father or Jim," proposed the girl.

"I guess he's dying!" gasped the horrified brother, starting to carry out the suggestion of his sister.

"*Don't leame me!*"

It was the Irishman who faintly spoke, making a deprecating gesture with his hand.

"You need help," said Ned. "I will let Ines go, while I watch with you. She will be away but a minute."

"Don't go," pleaded the Irishman, faintly still, but with a tone of impudence at their persistency.

Fortunately, at this embarrassing moment, Long Jim Shafto appeared on the crest of the hill.

He had hopped it in his game, and was out looking for the young folks.

Most of the rest had finished their breakfast, and were impatient at the delay of Mickey and his companions.

"Skimp me but what's the matter here?" asked the astonished scout, approaching his old friend, and leaning over him. "What's the matter, Mickey? he asked, as he took his hand in his own. "What has befell you, my old boy?"

The presence of the brave, strong man seemed to revive the Irishman, who looked up in the bronzed face a moment, before speaking, as if to assure himself that there was no mistake about it.

Then, by a desperate effort, he struggled to a sitting position, and said, in a hollow voice:

"Jim, I've been talking to a dead man, as sure as ye are alive! Don't laugh at me, for it's true!"

At any other time the words would have produced a smile; but none felt like it now.

There was too much solemn earnestness in the utterance, wild as it sounded to other ears.

"If you are sartin 'bout it," said Long Jim, "why didn't yer set up like a man and tell us 'bout it?"

Thus reproved, the poor fellow rallied, though it was a hard task, and in a short time he was more natural and self-possessed.

His friends kept silence, for the occasion appeared to be one in which he himself was the only person who had the right to say anything.

As soon as he possessed self-command again, his old waggish disposition manifested itself.

"Jim, I have a favor to ax ye."

"Well, what is it?"

"Pound a belt over the head."

"What for?"

"So that I can be sartin that's mesilf."

"Who else would it be?"

"Some big fool, I was thinking."

"Wal, then, it's you, sartin sure."

"Ye are correct; but, think, I fail like a man does when I've hit him wid me shillalah—I can't understand whether it's mesilf or some other spalpeen."

"If you are so anxious 'bout it, I'm ready to 'commodate you any time."

And as the old scout spoke, he advanced and gave the Irishman a kick, whose vigor could not be mistaken.

"I've enlarged to ye," answered Mickey, as Jim raised his foot to repeat it; "I don't need anything more to convince mesilf that it's mesilf and nobody else; but worrah, worrah! what I've looked on today is what the likes of ye have never seen, and what here is hoping that ye'll never look upon hereafter in this world."

This was said with such solemnity that it threw a chill over the brother and sister.

Even Long Jim, in whose composition was a vein of superstition, as there always is in his class, shuddered.

"I was going down that hill," said Mickey, pointing to the slope up which he had labored, "when I came to the mouth of a cavern. It had such a queer look that I stopped a minute to take a peep in, when I saan something move, and ye may believe that I was sorter started and forgot all about Lone Wolf for the time. But that wasn't a circumstance to what came after. The next minute out walked a man who looked straight at me and spoke something or other which I couldn't make out, for the raison that I was so much scared."

"How do you know he was dead, if he spoke and looked the other person?" asked Ned Melville.

"Because he didn't look like other persons; there was where the difference come in. He was no more alive than ye are dead."

This was an astonishing story to tell, but as before, the speaker showed such an earnestness that no one laughed.

All remained silent, waiting for him to finish the tale.

Mickey started to speak, when he checked himself, as if he was afraid that it was not the right thing to do.

He looked at the brother and sister, and then to the scout, in a way which meant that he would tell Jim what was on his tongue, but he preferred that it should not be in the presence of the children.

Ines was quick enough to perceive and act upon the wish before Mickey felt obliged to express it in words.

"I think we have heard enough of this, Ned; let us join father at breakfast, if there is any left for us."

"Say nothing of what I have told ye," asked the Irishman, as the two started off; "the time will come after a while."

They gave the promise, and then moved over the crest of the hill and down on the other side to the group, where Colonel Melville was so impatient over their absence that he was on the point of starting off to learn the cause.

They told their father that Mickey O'Rooney had caught sight of Lone Wolf some distance away, and they had all been taking his measure through their field-glasses.

Long Jim had arrived there but a short time before, and the two were in consultation.

The father was too much attached to his children to chide them for their forgetfulness, and had he known all the truth, he would have hastened away himself to learn what he could of that which was certainly a strange mystery.

As it was, nobody but the two knew what a fright the Irishman had received, and even they were not allowed to hear the particulars.

The thoughtfulness of Long Jim had provided enough antelope meat for all the party, and the brother and sister, with their appetites sharpened by the fine air and their own overflowing health, sat down together and ate with the same laughing jest that they used to indulge in when in the ranch, or at the home in New Orleans, years before.

While thus occupied, Long Jim Shafto and Mickey O'Rooney were together the other side the slope.

(To be continued.)

"Long Jim, theScout" was commenced in No. 405.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XIII.

[Continued from page 394.]

"THE mud hasn't removed the essence of cabbage-water," said young Pickwick, with a grimmace; "old Miffins's hogs'-wash is awfully strong."

"You may laugh," said Tinkie; "but what I want to know is how am I to get home in this state?"

"You must face it out," said young Pickwick; "come along, but keep away from me, for you smell too nice," and Pickwick ran on laughing.

Tinkie followed young Pickwick with a very rueful look.

He dreaded ridicule beyond everything.

They entered the playground, brushing past Fitzsham, who was standing near the door.

"Where, in the name of all that's sweet, have you been?" he cried, looking at Tinkie.

Young Pickwick quietly recounted what had happened.

"Oh, what a shocking scent," said Fitzsham, holding his aristocratic nose.

"Oh, don't make such a fuss about it," said Tinkie.

"This comes of making too free with people," said Fitzsham, speaking through his nose. "How could you lower yourself so far as to play off a practical joke upon such a person?"

"Hold your row," said Tinkie, who was thoroughly out of temper. "If I have any more of your tongue I'll punch your head."

"Not in those clothes," said Fitzsham, hastily drawing back. "Keep out of my way, you smeller."

"I'll give you a smeller," cried Tinkie.

But as he approached Fitzsham, that fastidious youth took to his heels, shouting out "not in those clothes."

"What's up, boys?—anything wrong?" said the Diddler, coming forward, as Fitzsham dodged round the group, followed by the enraged Tinkie.

"Take him away, Diddler, there's a good fellow," cried Fitzsham; "he is highly perfumed, and will contaminate me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Bob Fairfit, who was a pleased spectator of the scene; "go on, Tinkie, and give him a good hug, and then have a roll on the ground with him."

"I say, boys, the doctor will be down upon us," said young Pickwick; "we have been there is something up when he hears that yell of Bob's."

"Here is the doctor," cried Tinkie. "Oh, what on earth am I to do?"

"What are you all doing?" cried Doctor Waddle, severely.

Receiving no answer, he came forward.

"Dear me, Tinkie," he exclaimed, suddenly recoiling, "what have you been doing to yourself?"

"I have been attacked by that man who looked over the wall the other day, I've learned Tinkie, angrily; "he first flung hogs'-wash over me, and then threw me into a dirty-ditch."

"Disgusting!" exclaimed the doctor; "I only wonder he didn't kill you, my poor lad; but, dear me, you don't smell very nice."

Tinkie's courage revived.

"He punched my head, sir," he said, "and tried to brain me with a heavy stick."

"Mark me," cried the doctor, "that man will come to no good. He has the face of a cold-blooded villain and the mind of a vulgarian."

"Can I go and change my clothes, sir?" asked Tinkie. "The perfume about them is not very nice."

"Nice! It's perfectly horrid! Certainly, go at once," said the doctor, sniffing the air as Tinkie departed. "Really, my boys, I feel quite upset. Just run into my library, one of you, and get me a glass of whisky you will find upon the table. Dear me, what a strong scent he has left behind him!"

"I go for the whisky," said Swags, who, for a wonder, was awake, and began to smack his lips.

The lat boy departed, and the doctor sat down upon a bench and took a pinch of snuff.

After waiting for some time Doctor Waddle went in search of his pupil, whom he found fast asleep upon the stairs, with an empty bottle and glass by his side.

"You young villain!" cried the doctor, giving the sleeper a stinging slap across his fat, expressionless face.

Swags opened his eyes and looked up at the doctor.

"Why did you do that? I didn't ask you for it," he said, innocently.

"Sir," cried the doctor, "where is my whisky?"

"I drank it, and should like some more," returned the fat boy; "ain't I got a stomach to be turned up as well as anybody else?"

"Oh, this is not to be endured," said the doctor. "Swags, follow me, sir!"

The fat boy said nothing, but convulsively clutched the banisters, to keep himself on his shaky legs.

"Diddler, come hither," cried the doctor, going toward the door.

"Here I am, all serene," said the Diddler.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Bring Swags to the library," commanded the doctor.

"Don't push me; I ain't going to be pushed," cried the fat boy, before the Diddler had laid a finger on him.

"Then come quietly, dear boy," said the Diddler; "don't want to hurt you—doctor's orders—must be done, take it easy."

But the fat boy would not move an inch, and seemed inclined to doze.

"Diddler, are you coming?" asked the doctor, impatiently.

"Swags stuck fast," said the Diddler; "can't be moved—obstinate—very, come and try."

"No, no; we must call in the assistance of Tony Wilkins," said the doctor.

The odd boy came soon bustling up in answer to the doctor's ring.

He seemed highly delighted when he was made to understand what was expected of him.

"Now, Diddler, are you ready?"

"Heave he, my lad—heave he!" cried the old man, as he and the Diddler flung themselves upon the fat boy.

But the result was very different to what they intended.

The banisters gave way with a loud crash, and the fat boy, the Diddler, and Tony Wilkins were landed in the passage below.

"Oh!" yelled Swags; "both on top of me; get off and let me fall on you, and see how you would like it."

"Did ever a man have to do with such boys? What shall I do, for I must punish some one for this?" said the doctor, quickly descending the stairs.

He held in his hand a long cane, which he laid about him right and left.

The odd boy, having fallen on his hands and knees, was particularly open to the doctor's attack from behind.

"This is a-coming it too strong," as the man said ven his vife knocked his nose off and put it in her pocket for a keepsake," cried Tony Wilkins, springing to his feet and snatching the cane out of the doctor's hand.

"You rascal, bring back my property," roared the doctor, as though addressing somebody in the attic.

"Shan't," said Tony Wilkins; "I'm not your pupil, so if you hit me again, look out."

"Bring back my cane, sir, I tell you," cried the doctor, again.

"No," cried Tony; "I knows a game worth two of that; I'll send it up by Snorter, and you can let him have what for all over his back."

"You leave me this day week," said Doctor Waddle.

"I won't take the sack from yer," said Tony Wilkins; "you would vant me back again in half an hour. Who else would you get to brush the tat boy down? It's like beating a carpet, and work enough for two Snorters."

"You vulgar beast!" said the doctor. "Leave my presence!"

"All right, I ain't so fond of you," retorted Tony Wilkins, immediately betaking himself to the lower regions with the doctor's cane in his hand.

"I have you to thank for this, Swags," said Doctor Waddle, shaking his head at the fat boy.

"I'm the quietest chap in the world when I'm properly treated, and gets enough to eat," retorted Swags. "I'll tell you what is the matter with me, I don't have enough to eat, and your beastly whisky't made me ill."

"Why, the cook tells me she has missed a leg of mutton, and that you have eaten it, and you now shall have bread-and-water for a week," said the doctor. "That will cure your complaint, my lad. Diddler, take him up-stairs."

"Oh, oh, don't stop my food, please! Thrash me, bang me, do what you like with me," cried the fat youth, rubbing a huge lump which decorated his forehead, "but don't stop my grub."

"It is useless to discuss the matter," said the doctor, turning away. "I have made up my mind."

The fat boy was carried up-stairs, kicking and hollaing like mad.

"Bread-and-water for a week," he sighed, as he entered his apartment. "I shan't survive it. Diddler, old man, do help to get me some grub."

And with a heavy groan the fat boy threw himself upon the bed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIGHT IN THE MEADOW.

AFTER his enforced separation from his friends Dick Sanciil had commenced to make his way toward home through some fields.

"What a bore it is that I was obliged to part with Pickwick," he thought, as he came in sight of a rustic bridge.

Some one was leaning against the rail of the bridge.

Dick thought the figure was familiar, but the face was turned away, and he could not tell who it was.

"Allow me to pass, if you please?" said Dick, when he came to the narrow bridge.

The boy looked round, revealing the sullen face of Bully Mungal.

"I shan't let you cross this bridge till I have had my say," said Mungal. "I was behind the hedge when Tinkie fell into the hands of Miffins, and feeling sure you would return by way of these fields, came here to meet you."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," said Dick. "I'll pass, if you please; you shall not stop me."

"Look here!" said Bully Mungal, "you don't pass until you own that you are a cowardly sneak, and afraid to fight me."

"Why should I tell such a lie?" cried Dick.

"Don't think to get off by putting on that swagger," returned Bully Mungal. "I can see you are a funk."

Dick smiled, but stood prepared.

He had behaved with the greatest coolness; but he was not the boy to swagger.

"Look here, Bully, if you mean fight I am quite ready to fight you, if that is your game," he said.

"You fight me? Ha, ha! come on, then," cried Bully Mungal. "I have been waiting for this chance for a long time, and I don't want you to change your mind, so come on and fight it out with me."

"You are not more pleased at the opportunity than I am," returned Dick, as he followed Mungal into the next field.

The two boys took off their coats and stood facing each other.

Dick Sanciil knew that he would have all his work to do if he wished to obtain the mastery over the bully.

Mungal was half a head taller than Dick, and possessed immense breadth of shoulder.

There was a vicious gleam in his eye that Dick did not like.

He watched every movement of the bully with attention.

"Take one for your nob," cried Bully Mungal, flinging out his right arm with the force of a sledge-hammer.

Dick stepped back as the blow was given, but it grazed his cheek and left an ugly mark under the eye.

"It is my turn now," thought Dick, after letting Bully Mungal have it all his own way for a time.

Bully Mungal again let fly, striking his opponent on the shoulder.

But Dick was ready for him now, and disregarding the blow he had just received, rushed in and caught Mungal a stinging blow on the lip, which sent him to grass.

"First blood! Now I'm ready and willing to give you more," cried Dick, as Bully Mungal rose.

The elder boy began to think he had caught a tartar in his opponent.

Again the boys confronted each other.

Bully Mungal made a frantic attempt to close with Dick.

But Dick knew that if he succeeded in this the day would be his, and kept out of his grasp.

Once more Bully Mungal was brought to grass by a sudden blow from brave Dick.

The bully appeared to be fainting.

"I hope I haven't hurt you very much?" said the generous Dick, bending over him.

The treacherous Mungal suddenly jumped up on his feet and gave Dick a heavy blow on the neck.

Dick was fairly enraged, and suddenly exerting all his strength, managed to get Bully Mungal's head in "chancery."

He was then so intent on spoiling Mungal's beauty, that a figure stepping from the shadow of the huge trees which stood on the brink of the stream came behind him unobserved.

Next moment a heavy stick came crashing down upon the back of Dick's head, and he fell to the ground like a log.

"You came just in time, Mossy," said Bully Mungal, for it was Dick's cousin who had struck him down.

"I think you were getting the worst of it, Bully?" said Mossy Morton, with his cold smile.

"Don't begin sneering at me," cried Bully Mungal, sullenly; "Dick is awfully plucky, and fights well."

Mossy Morton returned no answer.

He looked down at the unconscious form of his cousin, and spurned it with his foot.

"Come, Mungal," he said, "help me to lift him, will you? How I hate him!"

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Bully Mungal, sulkily.

"Here, boy, hold on to this."

Young Sandiff eagerly clutched it, and was slowly drawn to land.

"You are a nice boy, I must say," cried the old gentleman. "What do you mean by falling in the water? I had just got a bite, and now that perch has gone off, hook and all; I'll eat my wig if it hasn't."

"I hope you won't eat your wig; it might not agree with you—but I'm very sorry, sir," said Dick.

"So you ought to be," said the old gentleman; "you have frightened away all the fish."

Dick tried to rise, but he was very giddy, and sank back upon the sward with a groan.

"I shall not be able to reach home," he said.

"Why, the boy is ill," exclaimed the old gentleman; "my name is not Parrot, if he isn't going to faint."

"No, I shan't do that," said Dick, smiling at the old gentleman's alarm. "I've had a nasty blow on the back of my head, and feel rather giddy, that's all."

"And how came you to be in the water?" said Mr. Parrot. "This is a funny business, I'll eat my wig if it isn't."

"I can't explain how I came there," returned Dick. "The last thing I can remember is having a turn up with a schoolfellow."

"Where did you get the turnip from?" asked Mr. Parrot, removing his hat and putting his hand under his wig for the purpose of scratching his head. "I suppose you got punished for stealing it, and serve you right."

"You don't understand," said Dick, surprised at Mr. Parrot's ignorance; "we were having a fight."

Dick walked slowly along until he again reached the bridge.

He crossed it, and was walking through the fields when he saw a slight figure running toward him.

"Oh, Dick!" said Benny Leadbitter, for it was he, "what is the matter with you? you look hurt!"

Dick told him what had happened.

"But how came you here?" he asked.

"I dropped a ball somewhere about these fields the other day, and have been looking for it," said Benny.

"Oh, then, you are sure you know nothing of this," said Dick, touching the wound at the back of his head.

"You did not do it, if you mean that," returned Benny.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Dick. "Give me your hand, Benny; I think you are a good sort."

The two boys walked together until they came in sight of the school.

"Dick, I won't go in now," said Benny.

"Why not?" asked Dick.

"Because I want to stay out a little longer," said Benny.

"You don't want to be seen going in with me, I suppose," said Dick. "Well, just as you please."

"I am going back to the fields to look for that ball," said Benny.

"Benny, don't go to-night," said Dick; "it is my turn to have strange fancies now, and I ask you not to go; something tells me harm will come to you."

"You think there will be a storm?" said Benny, looking up at the lowering sky.

"I am sure of it; but that is not it; I feel sad when I look at you!" said Dick.

"There, be off, and get your wounds dressed; ask the housekeeper to see to you," he said to Dick Sandiff, turning on his heel.

When Dick's injuries had been attended to by Mrs. Hardtopp, he sauntered into the general room.

Bully Mungal, who was standing by the window, receded with terror as Dick entered, and was about to utter a cry; but it was checked by a look from Mossy Morton, who advanced to meet his cousin with every appearance of anxious solicitude.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked Mossy, turning upon Bully Mungal, when Dick had repeated his story about being struck from behind by some one with a stick.

"I know nothing about it," snarled Bully Mungal.

"Dick Sandiff knocked me about until I was perfectly stunned, and when I came to my senses he was nowhere to be seen."

"You hear what he says, Dick?" asked Mossy Morton.

"Yes, I hear," said Dick, but I think it strange."

"Who do you think struck you on the head?" asked Mossy.

"Oh, I don't know," said Dick. "The doctor seems to take it very coolly."

"I certainly thought he would show some indignation," said young Pickwick. "He made enough fuss about Swaps and Tinkle."

Dick listened with an amused face, while young Pickwick recounted what had happened during his absence.

"Ah, here comes the storm," said Mossy Morton.

The boys went to the windows and stood looking out.

Crash came the thunder.

"Hark!" cried Pickwick; "it's awful."

TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—PATAGONIAN BURIAL RITES.—SEE PAGE 414.

"We are going to fling him over the bridge," returned Mossy Morton; "he'll stand in the way of my money when a man."

"I'd rather give him another blow and leave him where he is," said Mungal.

"Which proves you to be a fool, Bully," responded Mossy Morton. "If his body is found in the water, it will look like an accident."

"I suppose you know best," said Mungal, assisting Mossy to lift his cousin and bear him toward the stream.

They reached the bridge, and hurled Dick into the water below.

He fell with a loud splash.

"We have settled his business," said Mossy Morton, with a sigh of relief, but a pale, frightened face.

"Let's get away now," said Bully Mungal.

"Good advice," returned Mossy Morton, "it might look suspicious if we were seen hanging about here."

And the two boys hurried away with all speed.

Poor Dick recovered consciousness as he was whirled down the running stream.

Half-stunned and bewildered as he was, he made frantic attempts to clutch at the branches of the trees which overhung the water.

Once he succeeded in grasping a branch, but it would not bear his weight, and broke off with a sudden snap.

Dick gave himself up for lost.

"Hallos there! Why, I'll eat my wig if it isn't a boy," exclaimed a voice, and looking up, Dick saw an old gentleman, fishing-rod in hand, standing on the bank.

"Help!" cried Dick, faintly.

The old gentleman took off the stoutest joint of his fishing-rod and held it out to Dick.

"Oh, why didn't you say so before?" observed Mr. Parrot. "Your schoolfellow pushed you into the water, I suppose."

"No, he did not," said Dick. "He couldn't have done it. I had his head in chancery."

"Had his head where—in chancery? What, a law court?" asked Mr. Parrot.

"Oh, no; I had got his head under my arm," returned Dick.

"His head under your arm; well, where was his body?" asked Mr. Parrot.

"Why, with his head, of course," said Dick, trying not to laugh.

"What were you doing with his head?" asked Mr. Parrot.

"Punching it. Paying him out for giving me a cowardly blow," said Dick.

"I'll eat my wig if you are not the most singular lad I have ever met," said Mr. Parrot. "Are you one of Waddle's boys?"

"That is the name of my schoolmaster, sir," responded Dick.

"Then tell Waddle that Mr. Timothy Parrot will come and see him one day next week," said the old gentleman. "Here, take a drop of this! You don't look well."

This was some sherry, which had been left from Mr. Parrot's luncheon.

"I think I shall be able to make my way home now, sir," said Dick, as he returned the flask to the old gentleman.

"If you don't feel equal to going alone I'll accompany you," said Mr. Parrot, with a longing glance at his fishing-rod.

"Oh, thank you," said Dick; "I'm quite up to it."

"Be off with you, then, and don't tumble in the water again when I've got a bite," said Mr. Parrot.

"Oh, Dick, I am all right; and I must find that ball," cried Benny. "Tom will be angry if I don't; it belongs to him."

"Oh, I thought there was more than a ball to make you anxious," said Dick. "What a disagreeable fellow Tom Ely is!"

"Do you think so?" said Benny. "Well, Dick, I won't keep you standing here. Your head must be paining you."

"Oh, it is a mere nothing," said Dick. "Good-by for the present, Benny."

"Good-by," said Benny.

Dick stood still and looked after the slight figure until it vanished from his sight.

He was still very giddy and staggered as he walked toward the house.

He was met at the door by young Pickwick.

"Well, old fellow," said Dick, "whither away so fast?"

"I was coming to meet you," said young Pickwick. "Why are you without your coat, and what in the world is the matter with your head?"

Dick briefly answered this question.

"I mean to set Mungal what he knows about it," he said, in conclusion.

"You won't get much out of him," returned young Pickwick; "he has had a caning from the doctor for coming home with a nose like a sleepy bear."

"Hallos!" cried the doctor, rushing out into the passage. "Another of you, eh? I'll teach you to fight, my lad."

But his mood changed, and he dropped his cane when Dick told him what had happened, and delivered Mr. Parrot's message.

"Oh, that's a man worth knowing," said the doctor. "He does not often pay me a visit."

The doctor's brow clouded, as his thoughts reverted to his last entertainment.

Suddenly the frowning sky was lit up by a vivid flash of lightning.

"Awful storm—loud roars the dreadful thunder, and so on," said the Diddler, bustling into the room, followed by half a dozen boys.

"It is, indeed, awful," said Dick. "I wish Benny would return!"

"Where is he?" asked young Pickwick.

"Out in the open fields, I am afraid," said Dick.

"Tom Ely has not come home yet; perhaps he is with him!" said young Pickwick.

Dick walked up and down the room several times.

"I am going to meet Benny; I feel as though something will happen to him," he said, suddenly.

"Boys, who will volunteer to accompany me?"

"I will," said young Pickwick; "but do you think it necessary? Listen to the rain. We shall be soaked in five minutes."

"I don't care about that, I am going to look after Benny!" said Dick.

"I'm with you, Dick," cried young Pickwick.

"Are you, my lad," said the doctor, who, standing in the doorway, had overheard the conversation. "We will see about that. If you think you ought to be allowed to walk in and out of this house at all hours of the day and night, and in any weather, I beg to differ from you."

"Benny hasn't come home, sir!" returned Dick.

"Well, what of it?" said the doctor. "You don't suppose he would come home through the rain if he could find a place of shelter."

"I don't suppose anything," retorted Dick; "but I should like to go to meet him."

"People can't always do as they like in this world," observed the doctor.

"Very true," broke in the Diddler; "sharp remark—you honor. Clever master."

"How dare you interrupt me?" said the doctor, with an angry glance at the offending Diddler.

"I am dumb," said the Diddler; "no offense meant—come taken."

Doctor Waddle indignantly left the room.

"I hope he is not going to take to popping in upon us like this?" said young Pickwick.

"Not he," said Tintie.

"He came down to see how many of us had been caught in the storm."

"Not out of kindness," said young Pickwick. "We might all sneeze our heads off, if it wasn't to his interest to keep us alive."

The cloth being laid, the boys sat down to supper.

But Dick was still restless and uneasy.

He started up as the distant slamming of a door was heard.

"This is Benny, I hope," he cried, as some one came down the stairs.

But he sank back in his chair with a look of disappointment as Tom Ely, looking rather pale and agitated, entered.

"Have you seen Benny?" said young Pickwick to the newcomer, speaking across the table.

"No," said Tom Ely. "I haven't. That's enough, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't enough," said Dick, joining in the conversation. "It is all through you and your cricket-ball that Benny is out in the storm."

"And a precious good job, too, I am not his keeper," retorted Tom, helping himself to some bread-and-cheese.

"I should like to throw this jug of beer at his head," observed Pickwick to Dick.

"Oh, pray don't!" cried Pitsham; "let's have our meals in peace."

At that moment the doctor looked in upon the boys.

"What! Benny Leadbitter not come back yet?" he exclaimed. "The storm is clearing off. He oughtto have returned before this."

"May we go and look for him?" asked Dick. "I still feel a little shaky, but I should like to look for him; it is a bad night."

The doctor reflected.

He did not like to own it, but he was beginning to feel uneasy at Benny Leadbitter's prolonged absence.

"I shall have him laid up with a fever," he thought; "and perhaps lose all my pupils."

"Did you say we were to go, sir?" said young Pickwick.

"Well, since you boys make such a point of it——" said the doctor.

But ere he could utter another word most of the boys had departed.

Monsy Morton excused himself on the score of his delicate health.

Tom Ely and Dolly Mungal offered no apology whatever.

"What makes you take this matter so seriously, Dick?" asked young Pickwick, as they hurried toward the fields.

"I don't know, old man," returned Dick. "You think me a fool, I suppose."

"I think nothing of the kind," returned young Pickwick, sturdily. "That nasty blow on the back of your head is enough to make you nervous."

"It was rather a stinger, but I must have it out yet with the bully," said Dick, holding open a gate for his chum to pass through.

The fields were shrouded in a white mist, and the two boys walked slowly, calling upon Benny at every step.

But they heard no answering voice.

"Perhaps he like been found by the others," said young Pickwick. "But let's hallos together, Dick."

"Hallos, hallos, Benny! Hallos!"

But no answer came.

"He may have returned," said Dick, and they retraced their steps.

But when the other boys came straggling in they had no news to give.

"My opinion is that the boy has deceased," cried the doctor, angrily. "It is not the first time that a pupil of mine has had the ingratitude to run away from school."

"On such a night as this?" asked Dick.

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried the doctor; "go to bed, all of you."

The majority of the boys did not get much sleep that night.

They sat up in bed talking until the daylight came stealing in at the window.

Immediately after breakfast the search for Benny Leadbitter was resumed.

But the poor little fellow had vanished as completely as though he had been caught up in the clouds during the great storm.

CHAPTER XV.

MESSRS. SLAP & BANGHER.

AFTERNOON school being over, the room was deserted save by the Diddler, who had taken his seat at the doctor's desk, and was coolly perusing the *Times* newspaper his master had left on his desk.

It was the Diddler's habit to read newspapers when he had a chance.

To use his own words, he liked to know what was going on in the world.

He had left the other boys to discuss the mysterious disappearance of Benny, and was enjoying himself immensely as he reclined in the doctor's chair, reading the doctor's cherished newspaper, and sipping a glass of the doctor's wine.

Suddenly his eyes lighted upon something which seemed to afford him no small amount of gratification.

An advertisement was the cause of this excitement.

It ran thus:

"MIFFINS.—If a person of this name, who once resided in the parish of Swinton, in the county of Essex, will communicate with Messrs. Slap & Bangher, of Green Alley, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"I'm off—see Miffins—break the news," said the Diddler, buttoning up his coat with great determination, after cutting the advertisement out of the newspaper, which the doctor always carefully preserved.

"Hurrah for old Miffins! make him stand something good. Ha, ha!"

The Diddler managed to leave the school unseen, and walked along at a brisk rate.

But suddenly he came to a halt.

He recollected that Miffins was his mortal enemy, and knew he would be suspicious. The turnpike was in sight, and the discreet old toll-man was standing at his door, smoking his clay pipe.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Belcher, as the Diddler approached.

"I've come to have a talk, old boy," said the Diddler.

"Come in, but no larks," said the toll-man, opening the half door.

The Diddler obeyed with alacrity.

"Now, mind you," said Mr. Belcher, putting his back against the door, "if you are up to any of your larks, you will be sorry for it. Look helve."

And he held up a stick.

"All right—don't be afraid—I've come to talk to you and make your fortune, dear boy."

"I am glad to hear you mean well," observed Mr. Belcher.

"Do you see that strap hanging against the wall?"

The Diddler nodded.

"Well, if you mean playing with me," he continued, "and this stick should break, I shall take down that article and hoop your barrel, my boy; so I tell you."

"Keep still, dear old boy, for I have got some news for your friend Miffins, but want you to tell him," said the Diddler, going straight to the point.

"Good news—'pon honor."

"Why can't you tell him yourself?" said Mr. Belcher, with another glance at the strap.

"Rather not—suspicious man—kick me down—no mistake," said the Diddler. "Wouldn't hear me out—hit me first—one, two, three—talk afterward—not if I know it—not good enough for Diddler."

"But why should I waste my breath over other people's business?" growled Mr. Belcher.

"Talk Miffins over, and I'll stand ten bob," said the Diddler.

"Mr. Diddler, nothing could be handsomer than your conduct," said Mr. Belcher, grasping the Diddler's hand.

"Hallos, look here, here's Miffins in his cart," cried the eccentric youth, who had been keeping watch at the window; "cool him down if you can; say I'm here."

"I'm up to snuff," said Belcher as he went to the door.

"Good-evening to yer, Belcher," cried Miffins, drawing up his horse.

"Good-evening," returned the discreet old butler; "how are yer, Mr. Miffins."

"Uncommon dry, and very out o' sorts. Ain't been up to much since I had that tumble in the ditch," said Miffins.

"Will you step inside to have a glass with me?" asked Belcher.

"Only too happy," said Miffins, getting out.

He cheerfully entered the toll-house. But a flash of indignation mounted to his nose when he beheld the Diddler reclining in a chair, and softly whistling the "Curly-headed plowboy."

"Belcher," cried Miffins, turning up his sleeves, "I thank yer for yer friendship. You have kept this boy for me to whop him. I'll let him have it hot."

And the excited Miffins strode toward the Diddler.

But the Diddler rose quickly, and placed the chair between himself and his foe, who fell over that article of furniture, smashing it to pieces.

"Ain't yer ashamed of yourself, you old sinner?" cried Belcher, addressing the prostrate Miffins.

"What have I got to be ashamed of, you old rascal?" said Miffins.

"What have yer got to be ashamed on?" said Mr. Belcher; "I axes yer in to have a friendly talk, and yer repays my hospitality by a-smashing of my furniture."

"It was rotten," retorted Miffins; "I've seen yer botch it up a hundred times."

"Diddler," cried the discreet old butler, taking down the strap, "this is more than I can stand. Hold him fast, my lad, while I lays into him; to think the old sinner comes here on purpose to smash my furniture and insult me. Hold him fast, Diddler."

The Diddler hastened to do Mr. Belcher's bidding.

"Oh, oh! two of you at it. Oh, oh!" yelled Miffins, as Mr. Belcher rained down blows upon his body.

"No use kicking; take it easy, dear boy," said the Diddler, composedly.

Miffins gave him a spiteful look, saying:

"I'll take it out of you some day."

But the Diddler returned it with an engaging smile. "Take it quietly, old boy; whoa, whoa!" he observed.

For Miffins possessed a powerful pair of lungs, and his cries waxed louder each time the strap descended.

"If I let yer get up will yer be quiet, and not go to smash any more of my beautiful furniture?" asked Belcher.

"Anything yer like, as long as yer turns this up. I came in for some beer, not for that strap," whined Miffins.

"Allow him to rise, Diddler," said Belcher, grandly.

"Up you come, dear boy!" cried the Diddler.

Mr. Miffins, disdaining the Diddler's proffered assistance, rose from his recumbent position.

He stalked moodily toward a chair.

"I don't like the look of him, Diddler," whispered Belcher; "he's got his eye on another chair. He is ready to burst out if something ain't done directly."

The discreet old butler went to a cupboard and brought forth a bottle and a couple of glasses, which he placed upon the table.

"If yer hadn't a-turned so rusty the Diddler was a-going to tell yer some news," observed Belcher, filling the glasses with an amber liquor, and pushing one toward Miffins.

"It is hard upon a man to find that his bosom-friend has deserted him," said Miffins, absently, swallowing the contents of his glass; "I can't help feeling rather rusty, and I don't deny it."

"Well, if I've hurt you I'll forgive ye, so your hand, Miffins," said Belcher, leaning across the table and offering a very dirty member for Miffins's acceptance.

"No," said Miffins, with a shake of the head; "never no more, Belcher."

"Does yer bear malice, Miffins, after I've had the trouble to correct you for smashing my furniture?" asked the discreet old butler.

"Well, I rather think so, but look at that there bag o' bones," was Miffins's answer, as he darted a disgusted look at the Diddler; "ain't he mischief? and he is chock full of it, bad enough, without you encouraging of him."

"Don't I tell yer that he has got good news for yer?" cried Mr. Belcher, refilling Miffins's glass.

"Why, he tells me he loves you."

"I'm too knowing a bird to be caught with chaff," returned Miffins, turning up his large nose with lofty scorn. "I know that long boy of old."

"Now listen to me, Miffins," began Mr. Belcher, drawing his chair closer to the table: "I wants yer to let the Diddler have his say, and if so be as how he is fooling us, we'll both slip into him together."

"Done. Oh, you shall hold him fast and wallop him with the strap. Oh, I'll never leave off," said Miffins.

"Now, look here, Miffins," said Belcher; "I don't like to see a chap help hisself to my liquor so fast."

"Here's meanness!" exclaimed Miffins, knocking over his empty glass.

It fell, and was shivered to atoms.

"What, you at it again, you old sinner! Not content to smash my chair, but you must now have a go at my glasses. What keeps me from giving you a flopper?" inquired Mr. Belcher, excitedly, rising to his feet.

"Keep off! keep off!" shouted Miffins.

"Oh, I'm off," said the Diddler, making for the door. "No business to be done here, I see—waste of time—'pon honor."

"Come back!" cried the discreet old butler, trembling for his ten shillings. "Come back, Diddler, my boy."

YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"TO THE INTENSE ASTONISHMENT OF THE BOYS, THE CART WAS OVERTURNED, AND THEY FOUND THEMSELVES UPON THE GROUND. THEY HAD PURSUED INTO THE YARD A LITTLE TOO SHARPLY, AND THE WHEEL HAD CRASHED AGAINST A POST. THE BOYS WERE MORE STARTLED THAN HURT."—SEE PAGE 411.

RACE BETWEEN A FOX AND LOCOMOTIVE.—SEE PAGE 414.

The Diddler paused.

"Are you too going to keep it up all day? Oh, what a day you're having!" he said.

"Is ourse we ain't a-going to keep it up," returned Mr. Belcher; "are we, Miffins?"

Miffins gave a sulky glance at the whisky-bottle.

"No," he said, curtly; "but let's have some more."

"No more," said the discreet old buffer, as he sat down in his old position opposite Miffins, but still holding on to the bottle.

"Out with the news, Diddler," he cried, keeping his eye on the whisky-bottle and intercepting Miffins's hand as it stole in that direction.

The Diddler was too artful to produce the advertisement at first.

He wished to discover what Miffins would be willing to give for the information.

Miffins was very difficult to deal with.

"How do you? know that it's money coming to me?" he exclaimed. "Think I'm a-going to promise you anything before I knows what I am a-going to get myself? Besides, you know I hate you, and I'd rather give you the strap than money."

"But it's something to your advantage," said the Diddler. "What does that mean? Money, of course."

"Just leave go my bottle and don't be a fool, Miffins," said Belcher, pulling the bottle out of Miffins's hand. "In course it is money. I'll bet yer what yer like on it."

"It may be and it may not," said Miffins. "Well, how much do you want, Master Diddler?"

"Say five bob," said the Diddler, slowly, noting the effect of his words upon Miffins. "Four pound ten for me, and ten shillings for Belcher."

"Well, yer are a cool one," interposed the discreet old buffer; "I'll be bothered if yer ain't. So the ten shillings is only a chance and not sartain?"

The Diddler smiled.

"No fear," he said, confidently; "Miffins must come down with the dust. I'll look out for him."

"Where's that there advertisement? I'll pay," said Miffins.

The Diddler handed it over rather reluctantly, and Mr. Miffins began spelling it out.

"You ought not to lose time," observed Belcher, who had been looking over his friend's shoulder. "Somebody will be a-goin and making out as how they is the genuine Miffins if you do."

"I ought to be giving them pigs their supper," observed Miffins, "or I'd start at once."

"Never mind the porkers—I'll give them their supper, and so on," cried the Diddler.

"What about the horse and cart?" said Miffins.

"All serene," returned the Diddler; "I'll see about that. Diddler's your friend now."

Miffins looked at the Diddler doubtfully.

"Now, then, here's the London coach coming along the road," observed Mr. Belcher; "you must make up your mind, Miffins."

"I ain't got much money with me," said Miffins, feeling in his pockets.

The Diddler immediately expressed his willingness to make a small advance, saying:

"Dear boy, take mine, and my blessing with it."

This matter being settled, and the coach drawing up before the door, Miffins was hoisted up beside the driver, no other than Tony Wilkins's father.

The Diddler's shabby hat was sharply tapped with the handle of the whip, and Miffins up he behind the driver of the coach winking at him.

"I say, Diddler," he said; "tell Master Swagg his mother is a-packing a big hamper for him."

"All right; hope it will be a big 'un. I'll help him to unpack it; for me good; but must attend now to old Miffins's donkey—no, horse, I believe," said the Diddler, whose attention was absorbed by the bit of horse-flesh intrusted to his care.

"Yes, it is a horse, and don't be up to none of your tricks with that there horse," roared Miffins, as the coach went bowling down the road; "if yer does I'll be even with yer when I comes back, so look out, my fine fellow."

The Diddler smiled and waved his hat above his head, shouting out:

"Good-by, dear boy; take care of your young self for my sake."

"Now take that horse home like a good lad," said Belcher. "You know where Miffins lives, doesn't yer?"

The Diddler nodded as he gave the horse its head.

"Hallos!" shouted the familiar voice of young Pickwick, running up; "what are you doing with old Miffins's horse and cart?"

"Taking them home to Miffins's," responded the Diddler; "fine animal—very—have a ride, Pickwick? Drive you out of your mind in no time."

And he drew up by the side of the road.

The cart was immediately surrounded by a number of his schoolfellows.

"Hallos, Diddler! Where's Miffins?" cried Tinkle.

"How you lower yourself by driving such a dirty cart!" said Fitzsham, in the same breath.

"Give me a ride," yelled Bob Fairfit.

"She'n't answer questions," said the Diddler, firmly; "if you want a ride, jump in—I'm off. Going to visit a royal duke."

Fitzsham drew back as the others scrambled up.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Fairfit. "Oh, here's a jolly lark! Out for the day in the lord mayor's coach. Ha, ha!"

The horse needed no whip.

Bob Fairfit's laugh sent it galloping down the road.

"We shall have to pass the school," cried Dick.

"Very true; drive my own horse some day," said the Diddler, who felt the dignity of his position; "get down if you are frightened; I'm not."

Not a boy moved.

In a few moments the school was in sight.

The doctor happened to be standing near the gate.

He was thinking of his missing pupil, Benny.

His reverie was suddenly broken in upon by a cart shaking down the road.

Doctor Waddle's brow clouded as he saw that it was crowded with boys belonging to his establishment.

"Stop that cart and get down immediately," said the doctor. "How dare you disgrace me by driving about in it? Stop, stop, I say."

"Like to oblige you, but excuse haste," cried the Diddler, as they shot by; "haven't time to take you up—sorry—very; call for you some other day."

The doctor's eyes shot fire.

He began to run down the road in the hope of being able to overtake the cart.

Bob Fairfit had just commenced to eat an orange, and he flung it at a man who tried to stop the horse, but the orange hit the doctor on the nose.

Doctor Waddle was not hurt, but his dignity was terribly injured.

"Assassins!" he cried. "Stop, stop them!"

The doctor was wildly gesticulating, when they turned a corner and lost sight of him.

"Here we are," said the Diddler, a little later, as they approached a large, straggling building.

Miffins's master—for Miffins was not the real owner of the farm, though many people thought so—was rather surprised at his non-appearance.

He was obliged to give his hungry hogs their supper, and did not relish his personal attendance upon those interesting animals.

Suddenly he heard the sound of approaching wheels, and his horse and cart soon after came into view, but the boys were stooping down low.

"You are late," said Miffins's master, without turning his head.

The Diddler was about to reply, when to the intense astonishment of the boys, the cart was overturned, and they found themselves upon the ground.

They had turned into the yard a little too sharply, and the wheel had crashed against a post.

The boys were more startled than hurt.

"How now, stupid?" cried Miffins's master, looking around.

"Why, what's this!" he added, when he saw the straggling arms and legs of Doctor Waddle's pupils instead of the long limbs of Miffins.

The Diddler was the first to scramble to his feet.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir. I wish you good-evening," he said, politely.

"What have you been doing with my cart?" cried Miffins's master.

"I've brought it home, haven't I? Expect you to say thank you, and ask us all to have some refreshments, something nice, and so on," said the Diddler.

Miffins's master suddenly put out a long arm and clutched the Diddler by the nape of the neck.

"Come along with me, my lad; I'll give you something nice, and so on!" he cried.

But the Diddler's friends, having picked themselves up, flew to his assistance.

"You are a nice lot of chaps, I must say," said Miffins's master, who was obliged to free the Diddler in order to defend himself.

"Glad you like us, old boy; but we will come back another time and hear your further opinion of our character," said young Pickwick.

The boys hastened away, leaving Miffins's master to examine his cart and lament over the broken wheel.

Out of the frying-pan into the fire!" exclaimed Bob Fairfit, as they hurried toward the school.

Doctor Waddle was impatiently awaiting their return.

He opened the door to them himself.

"Boys, are you not ashamed to look me in the face?" he cried.

Bob Fairfit soon stifled his giggle and shouted:

"Oh, oh!"

The doctor gave him his dose first, and then dismissed him.

"What is he going to do with me?" thought the Diddler, as one by one his companions departed, after receiving a taste of the doctor's cane.

Doctor Waddle answered the Diddler's unspoken thought.

"I am going to give you a good thrashing," he said; "but I shall also keep you within doors for a time. You are not fit to be at large."

CHAPTER XVI.

A DAY ON THE RIVER.

THE Diddler was seated at his desk in the school room.

He appeared to be busily engaged in conning over his lessons.

In reality, he was doing nothing of the kind.

His thoughts were far away.

The probable date of Miffins's return was drawing near, and the Diddler was anxious to know how he had fared with Messrs. Skip & Baugher.

But the Diddler could not be on the watch for Miffins.

He was a prisoner to the house, the doctor having forbidden him to take a step beyond the door.

"Spiteful old fellow!" thought the Diddler, giving a covert glance at the doctor, and shaking his fist at that gentleman behind the lid of his desk. "Oh, I should like to have your head in chancery!"

"Be careful," whispered Bob Fairfit, who was seated next him. "The doctor may see you."

"Not he," returned the Diddler. "Too busy—examining exercises."

"Diddler," cried Doctor Waddle at that moment, "just step up here; I have something to say to you."

"Not such a blind bat as you thought," observed Bob Fairfit. "He did see you, after all."

"Seems like it," returned the Diddler; "can't be helped, anyhow. Take thrashing like a Briton, and so on."

And he left his seat and walked up to the schoolmaster.

"Here I am, sir," he cried, looking up at the doctor.

"Diddler," said Doctor Waddle, sternly.

"Yes, sir," replied that obedient youth.

"Behave yourself, and listen to me."

"I'm all ears," said the Diddler.

"Don't be flippant," cried the doctor.

"I won't," returned the Diddler, with a wink at Bob Fairfit.

"Now, I am going to give you your liberty again," said the doctor, slowly.

"Thank you," responded the Diddler, walking away.

"Stay," cried Doctor Waddle. "I want you to go down to the town on an errand."

"Holiday for me, and no thanks to Waddle," thought the Diddler.

The other boys looked curiously at the eccentric youth.

"I have made out a list of things I shall require," said the doctor, handing a sheet of notepaper to the Diddler. "You can take Bob Fairfit to help you carry them, if he cares to go."

"Only too glad," cried Bob. "Ha, ha! Help Diddler to do anything."

"Mind you take every care of the things," said the doctor, with a reproving glance at Bob.

"All right; we're off, sir," said the Diddler, and the boys started.

It was just the day for a walk, and they enjoyed the prospect of a holiday even more than if it had been one that they had a right to expect.

"I say, Diddler, isn't it hot?" said Bob Fairfit, looking down the road.

"Shall we go through the fields and along by the river?" returned the Diddler. "Pleasant—very."

"'Tis the longest way round," said Bob Fairfit. "I hope the doctor isn't in a hurry."

"So do I; but the doctor must wait our pleasure, so come along," said the Diddler, leaping over a stile, his example being followed by his chum.

It was cool and pleasant, indeed, down by the river, which they came upon after crossing a couple of fields.

"Oh, how I pity those poor fellows up in the schoolroom! We're lucky getting out for this spin," exclaimed Bob Fairfit.

"Right you are, old man," said the Diddler, picking up a stone and sending it skimming over the water.

A little lower down, they came upon a boat, connected to the shore by a narrow plank.

It was a handsome boat, and had evidently just been repainted.

The Diddler examined it with the greatest attention.

"'Tis is old Parrot's boat," he said, suddenly.

"What, does it belong to old Eat-my-wig" exclaimed Bob Fairfit, for the boys had all heard of Dick's adventure. "Ha, ha, ha!"

(To be continued.)

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 410.

EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

ADVANCED REPORTING PRINCIPLES.

THERE is also a fourth position, immediately below and touching the line, where the sign for the word *to* ends.

Each paragraph of the following instruction corresponds with each line of the engraving:

A sign in the fourth position implies a preceding *to, to a, or an,* and *to the.* In some cases it is necessary to write the sign for *to* and to the. See examples in cut.

A perpendicular or horizontal tick, initial, middle or final, stands for *a, an, or and.* A slanting tick, mostly final, stands for *the.* When initial, the *the* tick must be written on the line. These ticks dispense with the light and heavy dots for the definite and indefinite articles, which are used otherwise separately. *The,* however, *commencing* a sentence, is usually expressed with the dot. A slanting tick, confined to the line, when initial, stands for *he,* as well as *the,* according to the context.

We, initial or middle, may be joined in the first position to horizontal letters (like an L hook) in some cases, without impairing the legibility.

-Lessness, a large circle at the end of the rest of the word. *-Ness, -ful-ness,* a small circle after.

-Ology, or -alogy, Jay, joined or disjoined.

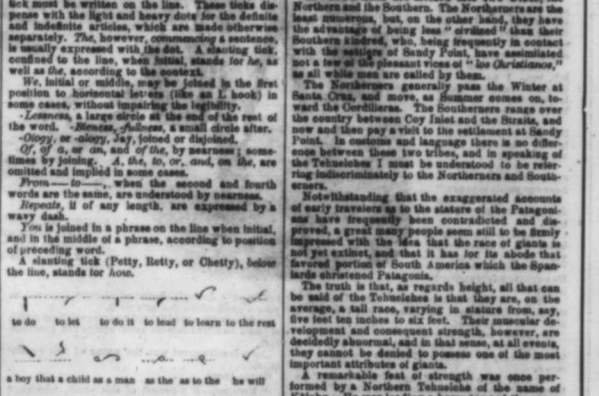
Of, of a, or an, and *of the,* by nearness; sometimes by joining. *A, the, to, or, and,* on *the,* are omitted and implied in some cases.

From—to——, when the second and fourth words are the same, are understood by nearness.

Repeats, if of any length, are expressed by a wavy dash.

You is joined in a phrase on the line when initial, and in the middle of a phrase, according to position of preceding word.

A slanting tick (Petty, Retty, or Chetty), below the line, stands for *how.*



(To be continued.)

RACE BETWEEN A FOX AND LOCOMOTIVE.

AS the six o'clock train on the Bridgeton and Port Norris Railroad, New Jersey, was nearing Dumpling Hill, some time ago, the engineer discovered a fox sitting in the middle of the track. He waited until the engine was near him, when he leaped up and shot like an arrow up the road, leaving the train behind. The driver instantly put on all steam, and the conductor, L. H. Dawdney, and the passengers became greatly interested to see the result of the novel chase. It was not until the furnace was crowded with fuel that the fox began losing ground. Even then the gain was scarcely perceptible for a while. Reynard pluckily stuck to the track until he was struck by the pilot and killed. He was picked up, and found to be of a beautiful reddish-gray color, measuring about three feet and a half from nose to tip of the tail.

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

PATAGONIAN BURIAL RITES.

THE death of a native is attended with peculiar ceremonies. The flesh having been as much as possible stripped from the bones, they are hung on high, upon stones or twigs woven together, to dry and whiten with the sun and rain. One of the most distinguished women is chosen to perform the disgusting office of making the skeleton; and, during the process the Indians, covered with long mantles of skins, and their faces blackened by soot, walk round the tent, with long poles or lances in their hands, singing in a mournful tone of voice, and striking the ground to frighten away the Vallone, or evil beings. The horses of the dead are killed, that he may have wherewithal to ride upon in the Alhue Mapu, or "country of the dead."

In about a year the bones are packed together in a hide, and placed upon one of the deceased's favorite horses, kept alive for that purpose, and in this manner the relics are borne by relays, followed by the women, beating their breasts and uttering dismal groans, sometimes to a very great distance, until they arrive at the proper burial-place, where the ancestors of the dead man are lying. The bones are here placed in their proper positions, and fastened by strings. The skeleton is then placed with others in a square pit, clothed in the best robes, and adorned with beads, feathers, etc. Animals driven along for the purpose are then sacrificed.

The arms of the deceased are buried with him, and around the grave are ranged several dead horses, raised on their feet, and supported with sticks. Sometimes a cairn of stones is raised over the grave.

The Tehuelches are divided into two tribes, the Northern and the Southern. The Northerners are the least numerous, but, on the other hand, they have the advantage of being less "civilized" than their Southern kindred, who, being frequently in contact with the settlers at Sandy Point, have assimilated not a few of the pleasant vices of "*los Christianos*," as all white men are called by them.

The Northerners generally pass the Winter at Santa Cruz, and move, as Summer comes on, toward the Cordilleras. The Southerners range over the country between Coy Inlet and the Straits, and now and then pay a visit to the settlement at Sandy Point. In customs and language there is no difference between these two tribes, and in speaking of the Tehuelches I must be understood to be referring indiscriminately to the Northerners and Southerners.

Notwithstanding that the exaggerated accounts of early travelers as to the stature of the Patagonians have frequently been contradicted and disproved, a great many people seem still to be firmly impressed with the idea that the race of giants is not yet extinct, and that it has for its abode that favored portion of South America which the Spaniards christened Patagonia.

The truth is that, as regards height, all that can be said of the Tehuelches is that they are, on the average, a tall race, ranging in stature from, say, five feet ten inches to six feet. Their muscular development and consequent strength, however, are decidedly abnormal, and in that sense, at all events, they cannot be denied to possess one of the most important attributes of giants.

A remarkable feat of strength was once performed by a Northern Tehuelche of the name of Kéloby. He was leading a horse toward the camp by a lasso, when the animal, for some reason or other, suddenly stopped short, and obstinately refused to stir from the spot. After a few coaxing but ineffectual tugs at the lasso Kéloby gave a short grunt of impatience, and then, taking the lasso over his shoulder, bent forward, seemingly without effort, and dragged the horse by main force for about twenty yards, notwithstanding its determined attempts at resistance.

The Tehuelches are, on the whole, rather good-looking than otherwise, and the usual expression of their faces is bright and friendly. Their foreheads are rather low, but not receding, their nose aquiline, their mouths large and coarse, but their teeth are extremely regular and dazzlingly white. Their hair, which is long and black, is kept from falling over their faces by a fillet tied round the head. They have little hair on the face or body, and even that they eradicate as much as possible, including the eyebrows—an operation which must cause no little pain.

Why they do this is not known, except it may be that they consider it improves their appearance, in which case it seems that in its application to the "poor Indian," the saying, "*Il faut souffrir pour être beau*" loses twice of its truth or point. In addition to the embellishment, some tattoo their arms or chest, but it does not seem to be the general custom.

Their eyes are small and deeply set; the prominence of the cheek-bones gives great breadth to their faces. The color of their skin seems to vary according to the individual, or, rather, according to the individual's cleanliness, being of a reddish-brown, running in some cases more into a yellowish tinge. Their gestures, carriage is extremely graceful and dignified, and their manners toward strangers and one another are polite and deferential, without a trace of servility.

The dress of the men consists of a chiripa, fastened at the waist by a belt, which is frequently richly embossed with silver. The cape, or mantle, of guanaco furs, completes their attire. When on horseback their feet are incased in botas de potro; but for reasons of economy they do not wear them at ordinary times.

The women wear a long calico robe beneath the capa, which is fastened at the throat with a silver brooch, or a simple wooden skewer, according to the circumstances of the individual. Potro boots are also universally worn by the women. The children, on whom most of the silver ornaments of the family are lavished, wear a capa, like their elders, and on attaining the age of four or five are invested with the dignity of a chiripa.

When the women grow old they become repulsively ugly; but the young girls are by no means ill-favored, and the looks of even the plainest among them are invariably redeemed by the bright, smiling expression habitual to them. Their hair is worn in plaits, artificially lengthened by means of horsehair; their complexion, when free from paint, is of a ruddy, healthy color; and their eyes, which are shaded with long, black lashes, are soft and clear.

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1. Cle(a)ver, Si(o)op, Mo(d)al, Dr(o)op. 2 Eggs. Gone, Gnat, Sets. 3. Edge, Toot—Exemp'T, DodO, GO, Enamel. 4. X, Tip, Tepid, Xinhoid, Pious, Dis. D. S. James, Adele, Merit, Eliza, Setas. 6. Eyegiass. 7. Pinn-ago.

S E E
O A T E
G R A V E L Y
S P E D
P L Y

9. Rainbow.

10. HART
HARE
MART
MEOW.

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2.—A. W. Seguin, P. O. Box 2240, New Orleans, La.

3.—R. M. Eastman, Melrose, Mass.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Pastrals and finale too often tell
Of havoc and danger. Ring, ring the bell!

A barren tree, and labor done in vain;
A term in mathematics you explain;
A lively movement that musicians use;
A boy's name found in Scripture, if you choose;
This last, an adverb, means in every place,
Excepting not the smallest point of space.

2.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel; a conjunction; conscious; a part of medical science; useless stuff; a city in Germany; a vowel.

3.—DOUBLE SQUARE.

Across.—A reckoning; a den; not written; a spring. *Down.*—A boat; an animal; oblong; to relate.

4.—SQUARE WORDS.

An affecter of learning; a girl's name; belonging to the deity; a living being; minority; a famous dog, reversed.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

A vehicle; a tenant; a mineral; persons lacking intelligence; to colonize; before, and to place.

6.—CHARADE.

When the leaves were first and yellow,
Dropping from each graceful tree,
Calmest and whole, where fruit was mellow,
A second, deserted and eggless I see.

7.—LOGOGRIPH.

Complete, what am I but the name of a town!
In bonny Scotland I am to be found;
Behead and curtail me, and then you must own
That I am found in the church, I'll be bound.

8.—CHARADE.

My first shall be the open sea;
My next is acorns from oak-tree;
My whole on ship you can but see;

9.—CHARADE.

A century my first, myself the second, five my third, and I myself the fourth, fifty my fifth, and what every one ought to be, my whole.

10.—CHARADE.

In days of old when whole was high,
To first, river in Italy, in second we'd bie;
But they called it a drigeone, as it made none;
Whole carries our letters wherever mails run.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

"DON'T stand there loafing," said the master of a grammar school to three students standing where they shouldn't. "We're not loafing," said one of them; "there are only three of us, and it takes 'leven to make a loaf."

A CHILD'S logic is not to be sneered at. His mind is keen enough to see the folly of much of the reasoning of his seniors. A little fellow in Connecticut asked his parents to take him to church with them, who said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was his shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

THE success of a church choir singer is, after all, a matter of chants.

SUE wore a Dolly Varden the night when first we met; her chip hat, like a garden, with posies gay was set. A thumping big blonde bunch of hair, when next we met, she wore; her shirts spread out from wall to wall and dusted off the floor.

IN a primary school not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard, "Bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plase, ma'am, that's the bird to roost on."

MAUD (with much sympathy in her voice): "Only fancy, mamma, Uncle Jack took me to a picture-gallery on Bond Street, and there was a picture of a lot of early Christians, poor dears, who'd been thrown to a lot of lions and tigers, who were devouring them!" *Ethel* (with more sympathy): "Yes; and mamma, dear, there was one poor tiger that hadn't got a Christian."

A VIRID Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges close upon two hundred pounds. "My dear," said he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," says she to him, "help the fence."

THIS happened at Iowa State University: *Professor in German.*—"There is no getting round it; our time is short, and you must take one-fifteenth of the book 45 o lesson." Then, after a moment of profound calculation, he added, "No; hold on! I am mistaken; we won't get through; we must take more. I assign this class one-sixteenth of the whole book."

HARD NAMES.

Thirteen years is a long time, and a woman who had been unable to speak for that length of time would, of course, be likely to "let on" if suddenly blessed with a return of speech. There lives in the city of Elmira a lady who, for thirteen years, has been dumb. A few days since, she returned from a woman's prayer-meeting, convened in the mud in front of a lager beer saloon. As one of the results of the exercises while kneeling on the cold ground she caught cold in one of her kneepans, which resulted in the neuralgia of her pattypans, the horse distemper in her tympans, compelling her to take a six bath in one of her milk-pans, where she sat until words came to her relief, when she greeted her husband, who was sitting by the stove, eating pop-corn and drinking hard cider, as follows: "You are an abhorred, barbarous, capricious, detestable, serious, fastidious, hard-hearted illiberal, ill-natured, jealous, keen, loathsome, malevolent, nauseous, obstinate, passionate, quarrelsome, raging, saucy, tantalizing, uncomfortable, vexatious, abominable, bitter, captious, disagreeable, execrable, fierce, grating, gross, hasty, malicious, nefarious, obstreperous, peevish, restless, savage, tart, unpleasant, violent, wanpish, worrying, acrimonious, blustering, careless, discontented, fretful, growling, hateful, inattentive, malignant, noisy, odious, perverse, rigid, severe, teasing, unsuitable, angry, boisterous, choleric, disgusting, gruff, hectoring, incorrigible, mischievous, negligent, offensive, pettish, roaring, sharp, sluggish, snappish, snarling, sneaking, sour, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, arrogant, austere, awkward, boorish, brawling, brutal, bullying, churlish, clamorous, crabbed, cross-curish, dismal, dull, dry, drowsy, crumbling, horrid, huffish, insolent, intractable, irascible, irate, morose, murmuring, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, petulant, piggy, rough, rude, ragged, spiteful, splenetic, stern, stubborn, stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, virulent, wrangling, yelping dog." He proceeded to inform the spouse that he was not aware that such was not the case, but he did not care to dispute his darling just else should continue her conversation and perhaps call him some hard names!

A DAMSEL applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of dry goods. "Very little," she said, with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."

A NATIVE of Kentucky imitates the crowing of a cock so remarkably well that the sun upon several occasions has risen two hours earlier by mistake.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.—A very rich man said, "I worked like a slave till I was forty to make my fortune, and I've been watching it like a detective ever since for my lodging, food, and clothes."

MRS. PARTINGTON, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak paregorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epithaphs."

JOHN BULLINUS suggests that if a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide, and a bull suddenly gives chase, the chances are that he will run for his life.

"ANGELINAW," said Augustus, eagerly, "I've made aw—a conuwwun. It's weal nice, too. What did Jonah find in the whale upon when he was thrown overboard?" *Angelinaw*—"Oh, Gussy! Why, he—tell me, darling." *Augustus*—He went by the railway. Ain't that awfully jawy, Angelinaw? Took me two hours to do it, too; 'pon honaw."

THEY were engaged in archery, and her attitude was very fine as she let fly the feathered arrow from the twanging bow. "William, are you hit?" she softly murmured. "Shot through the heart," he answered. "Do William," she pleaded—"do William Tell," and thus it is that history repeats itself.

TO THE kangaroo every year is a leap year.

THERE is lots of fun to be had at little private picnics when the party goes up a stream in a large boat to a pleasant woodland. All you have to do is to lug three baskets of provisions and a box of croquet to the boat, and then help row it and get four hampers on each hand, and then climb a tree covered with briers, to adjust a swing, and work yourself almost to death swinging the girl who never seems to get enough of it, and then reverse the order of things until you get home. There is loads of fun to it. Fun? Why, it is just reeking with it.

HE was a very small boy with a tallowy face and lustreless blue eyes. With a cat-like tread he was making tracks out of the back-yard, recently, each step as soft as new mud. He had something under his jacket which he held in place with one hand. A window of the house was thrown up, and a sharp voice shouted, "George!" "What?" He had turned around, this quiet, stealthy child, and given utterance to the interrogation with a roar that would have dismayed a boiler explosion. "Come back here," said the voice. "What for?" he yelled. "You come back here, if you know when you're well off, young man!" spoke the voice. He retraced his way, not softly like the cat, far from it, and when he got into the shadow of the house he pulled a baseball-bat from under his arm and threw it against the wall, and tore his cap from his head, threw it to the ground, and passionately jumped upon it. What do you suppose could have made that quiet little boy act so?

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KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

THE SAD DEATH OF MR. WISWALL'S TWO PRETTY LITTLE DAUGHTERS.

ONE of the saddest of sudden bereavements took place one Sunday afternoon recently in the upper part of this city, generally known as Morrisania. Two little sisters, Emily and Ada Wiswall, aged respectively six and four years, were struck by lightning while they were sitting in the garden which surrounds the residence of their parents, at the corner of One Hundred and Seventieth Street and Fulton Avenue. Emily was killed instantly, and her little sister died in a few minutes.

Mr. Wiswall is Superintendent of Mechanics in the car-shops of the Harlem Railroad, and his residence is on a hill. It is a neat, two-story frame building, and from its comfortable and cosy appearance is known to the neighbors as "The Robin's Nest." It stands alone, and is surrounded by a small forest of oak, hickory and cedar-trees.

Mr. Wiswall had three children. His oldest, George, has been adopted by his grandfather, Abram Kerr, who is a salesman in Arnold, Constable & Co.'s store, and lives almost directly opposite the Wiswall residence. George is nine years old. Emily and Ada were bright and pretty little girls, and were inseparable companions.

After dinner that Sunday Emily laid hold of a nursery-book full of pictures, and with her little sister went to the garden in front of the house, sat down between two large oak-trees, and began to look over the pictures, explaining them to her sister. They were absorbed in the book and its contents.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiswall were sitting at the door of the house, and George was standing by the gate, having just crossed over from his grandfather's house. About this time the sky became overcast suddenly, a little rain fell, and Mr. Wiswall was about starting to bring his children to the house, when lightning, thunder, and a torrent of rain came together.

The thunderbolt struck the tree by which Emily Wiswall sat, tore off the bark and killed the child. It then traveled along the seat and struck Ada. She either fell or was buried from the bench to the ground, and when picked up by her father and mother was not yet dead, but unconscious. The children were carried to the house, and Doctor Comfort, who lives near by, was sent for, but when he arrived Ada was dead.

Emily remained in a natural position on the bench after death, with her back against the oak and the picture-book on her lap. Her features had not undergone any change, and it was a long time before her parents could believe that she was really dead. The underclothing of the children was blackened and scorched, but there was no discoloration on their bodies, nor any mark of violence. In about an hour after death, however, the face, hands and limbs assumed a dark-brown color.

THE BLACK BEAR.

THE American black bear has always been a favorite theme of story among both white and red men. They have been found in all the States from Maine to Florida. The climate of the Northern and Middle States seems to be well adapted to the nature of the animal, although individuals differ somewhat in size and shape even in the same localities; some having shorter legs, shorter body, the head broad and flat between the ears, and a short peaked muzzle of light-gray color, while others have longer legs, longer body, a head equally broad between the ears, but more rounded, longer and larger, and the muzzle of brown color.

He is a formidable antagonist when wounded or provoked, but seldom makes battle when allowed to escape. He has wonderful vitality, and, to use a hunter's phrase, will carry off more lead than any other animal. I believe that an old lean bear can travel more miles over a rough country in the space of one week than any other wild animal. The gray wolf might gain a few lengths during the first three days, but at the end of the week I think the bear would come out several miles ahead.

Who ever heard of a lean bear tiring down? Let him thoroughly understand that he has got to "git up and git," and he will lead off a race that will surprise both men and dogs. When closely pursued by dogs, he has a peculiar trick of changing ends; that is, making a sudden whirl rearward, and woe to the unlucky dog that is within the sweep of his murderous paw.

This sudden turn causes a momentary halt among the pack, while the speed of the bear don't seem to be diminished, and he gets about a quarter of a mile the start before the dogs begin to comprehend the trick.

The bear can subsist on very short allowance, and will thrive fast when food is plentiful, and at such times will frequently become extremely fat, when he becomes a more easy prey to the hunters. The flesh of the bear, when fattened on mast, is of excellent quality and fine flavor, and was highly prized by the early frontier inhabitants. He is not carnivorous by nature, but in the absence of vegetable diet will eat mutton and young pork with evident relish. He will tear the bark from rotten or decayed logs in search of snails, grubs and worms, which he eats with avidity.

He destroys wasps' and bumble-bees' nests; will demolish ant-hills, simply for the small amount of sustenance contained in their eggs; but his natural food is esculent roots and nuts of all kinds, blackberries, whortleberries, black cherries and wild fruits of all kinds, also green corn in the milk.

Their depredations in corn-fields were frequent among the early frontier settlements, and various were the ways and means resorted to for the purpose of capturing the nocturnal depredator, sometimes causing ludicrous traps and mishaps. I remember an old backwoods farmer, having three or four boys, who discovered that a bear had been making sad havoc every night in the middle of the corn-field, pulling down the roasting ears at a fearful rate. The boys held a council of war, and decided to invite all the boys from the neighboring settlements that had dogs, and by sundown a small army of boys and dogs had collected.

The plan of operation was that the boys and dogs should get under the cover of a brush fence, at the opposite side of the field from where the bear was expected to enter, while the foreman, or commander-in-chief, should lie concealed in a bunch of basswood sprouts, a short distance in front of the rear guard, and wait for the first sign that would indicate the arrival of the bear, when, at a given signal, the dogs were to be let loose, and trust the chances of war for the result.

In the meantime, the old farmer, without consulting the boys, had built a staging about eight feet high, against a dry hemlock-tree that stood at the opposite side of the field, and near where he supposed the bear would pass in coming in; and in the dusk of the evening he mounted the scaffold, having an old musket well charged with buckshot, and, as it was full moon, he was determined, if possible, to vanquish the enemy before the canine forces should be called into action.

The best-laid plans are liable to failure, as the result will show. The night was still and quiet, the old farmer clung to his perch until the moon rose high in the heavens. He could see shadows plenty, but not a shadow of the bear: and while he was about to pronounce the whole campaign a failure, there arose a horrid discord of yelps, barks, hallooing and screeching. The bear came dashing down through the corn, with the whole yelling pack in close pursuit, and in less time than it takes to write it, was climbing that same dry hemlock, and precisely opposite the old man, who was still clinging to his frail support. Now, if the bear had gone straight up, as a bear should do—but no, he did just as a bear always would do, he took a spiral course, and by the time he got about sixteen feet up he was squarely even with the old man's head, and, as bad luck would have it, the loose bark gave way, and down came the bear, old man, and scaffold (as he afterward said), all in one promiscuous heap. The bear soon separated and got for the woods, with every dog in full chase, while the boys carried the old gentleman to the house, with one shoulder broken, a sprained ankle, and, as he said, otherwise badly demolished; and he ever after contended that bear-hunting was an uncertain investment, and that he would take no more stock in that business.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—THE SAD DEATH OF TWO PRETTY CHILDREN AT MORRISANIA, N. Y.

MAKING BOLD RIDERS.

THE drill for to-day was "school of the soldier, mounted," which took place in the great riding-hall. As the title indicates, the drill is an exhibition of individual skill in horsemanship. It is said to be a great favorite with the boys, but the severity of the training they have to undergo before attaining the degree of skill deemed necessary for an officer is something they never forget. The record of broken arms, strained wrists, dislocated shoulders, fractured legs, and days spent in the hospital by reason of limbs rubbed raw, attests the fact that there is no child's play in the teaching of West Point. They don't do things there for fun, and little sympathy is wasted on the unfortunate youth who, in his early efforts in the saddle, comes to grief with a broken bone. He is more likely to get reprimanded for his awkwardness than to be consoled with.

There was a great crowd present at the hall when the drill began, too large, indeed, to find places in the small galleries of the place; so, when these were full of ladies, the more agile among the male spectators climbed upon window-sills and the like places, while other crowds besieged each of the four large doors of the building. This is the one occasion on which the observer might be justified in supposing that the work done was a good deal for show, because here it is that the excited spectators applaud every boy who goes through well. Let him take every bind, and he is certain of a hearty round of applause. The comments of the spectators are often very amusing. When the boys commenced to use their revolvers, some one in the gallery anxiously inquired if they had "real bullets" in them, and seemed rather relieved when assured that they did not, and there was consequently no danger of any stray lead finding its way upward.

When the order was given to dismount and mount at speed the area of the hall was instantly a scene of galloping horses, riders jumping off, others jumping on, some down in the tan-bark, others clinging to the mane and bridle, desperately endeavoring to get astride, horses rearing and plunging, and generally a remarkably lively time for all; then the women began to utter little screams, which increased to a general shout, when one of the boys, making a spring for the horse's back (there were no saddles), went clear over it and plowed up the bark in the middle of a rush of galloping beasts, to the imminent danger of his brains.

"Why, this is quite dangerous!" exclaimed an individual in the gallery, indignant at the idea of the boys being made to run such risks.

The good gentleman seemed to suppose that the services were merely for show. It is needless to say that the boys did well; they always do; but, while none fall below a certain level, there are vast differences between them above that level. Some of the boys take wonderfully well to the work, and feel as much at home cutting and slashing about on a bare-backed horse as in a rocking-chair, while to others it never becomes easy. They do the work, but it is hard. The actual movements of the drill with sabre and pistol are few. The soldier is started from the company to take the circuit of the hall. Putting his horse to a gallop, he begins by firing at a head on a post, returns his pistol to the holster, draws his sabre, and, at full speed makes a thrust at another head on a post, then cut at one lying on the ground, then jumps a hurdle, and, in jumping, slashes a head from a post beside it, or thrusts at a suspended ring on a level with his own head; and, lastly, makes a right thrust at another head on a post. To go through this performance on a horse without a saddle, and a big pair of spurs on one's heels, is not an easy task, and if any one thinks it is he had better try it in the nearest riding-school. The different cuts and thrusts are, of course, as against infantry or cavalry.

THE temperature of any given locality in America is much colder than that of a place in the same latitude on the Eastern continent. Thus, Naples and New York are on the same parallel, but snow, common in the latter, is a rarity in the former place.